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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



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INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY FROM PENNSYLVANIA TO WISCONSIN TERRITORY, IN 1837

Being the Journal of Gen. William Rudolph Smith,
U. S. Commissioner for Treaty with the Chippewa
Indians of the Upper Mississippi

To which are added
Gen. Smith's Autobiography, 1787-1808
Letters Relating to the Commission

Brief Biographical Sketch, 1787-1868

by
John Goadby Gregory

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
GENERAL WILLIAM RUDOLPH SMITH
BY
JOHN GOADBY GREGORY

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GENERAL WILLIAM RUDOLPH SMITH.

1787-1868

William Rudolph Smith, lawyer, legislator, historian, first president of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and for many years a leading figure among the Freemasons of America, was born at La Trappe, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1787, and died at Quincy, Illinois, while on a visit to one of his children, August 22, 1868.

William Smith, his grandfather, emigrated from Scotland to this country in 1752 and two years later was made provost of the College and Academy of Philadelphia, which became the University of Pennsylvania in 1779. This William Smith, besides figuring conspicuously in educational circles, won high reputation by his eloquence as a preacher, and was also known as a student of science and a writer, receiving the degree of D. D. from Trinity College, Dublin, and the University of Oxford, as well as from his alma mater at Aberdeen, and was one of the organizers of the American Protestant Episcopal Church. His biography by his great-grandson, Horace Wemyss Smith (Philadelphia, 1879-80), lists fifty-two of his works published between 1750 and 1803, indicating the importance of his contribution to the literary history of the colonial and revolutionary eras and the critical period immediately following. His best known book, "Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition Against the Ohio Indians in the Year 1764," published at Philadelphia in 1765, and reprinted at London in 1766, French translations of which appeared at Paris and Amsterdam in 1769, was brought out at Cincinnati in 1885 in a new edition with a preface by Francis Parkman.

Part of the early education of William Rudolph Smith was conducted by this grandfather, who lived until 1803. The father of William Rudolph Smith was William Moore Smith, a leading lawyer of Philadelphia. Appointed agent to settle claims arising under the Jay Treaty, William Moore Smith visited England in 1803, accompanied by his son, William Rudolph Smith, as his private secretary.

William Rudolph Smith studied law in the Middle Temple. Returning to America at the end of two years, and completing his legal studies with James Milnor, he was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia in 1808, in the following year marrying Miss Eliza Anthony, who died in 1821. In 1824 he married Miss Mary Hamilton Van Dyke. In 1809 he became a resident of Cambria County where he served as deputy attorney-general and pursued the practice of the law for the next twenty years. In 1830 he removed to a farm in Bedford county, but continued to practice law. Taking an active interest in military matters, he rose to the rank of major-general in the State militia, and was appointed colonel of the Pennsylvania Reserves, commanding this regiment in support of the movement on Canada in the War of 1812, and taking part in the battle of Lundy's Lane. During the remainder of his residence in Pennsylvania he served many terms in the House and Senate of the Legislature. In 1836 he was a Presidential Elector, casting his vote for Martin Van Buren.

In 1837 he was appointed a commissioner to treat with the Chippewa Indians for the cession of their pine lands in the north-western portion of the then Territory of Wisconsin, now largely within the boundaries of the present State of Minnesota. His associate commissioner for the making of the treaty was Henry Dodge, then Governor of Wisconsin Territory. The letters herewith presented indicate the instructions by which the commissioners were to be guided in conducting their negotiations. The Journal was kept by General Smith from the time when he left Pennsylvania on this mission to the time when he reached North Bend on his way back, and is a vivid narrative of river travel in the United States in the era immediately preceding the construction of railroads.

General Smith was so greatly charmed with the beauty of the West, and so deeply impressed with the variety and richness of its industrial resources, that in 1838 he removed with his family to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, which was his residence during the rest of his life.

The easy and lucid style of the Journal, showing the skill of

a practiced writer, is characteristic of everything that came from its author's pen, and had been acquired by years of literary labor during the time of his residence in Philadelphia, where he was an intimate friend of Joseph Dennie, editor of the *Portfolio*, known to the public of his day as "the Addison of America." General Smith's father had devoted much time to literary pursuits, and as early as 1784 published in Philadelphia a volume of poems which in 1786 was republished in London. Several other members of the Smith family contributed to the preservation of the literary traditions handed down by the noted provost.

For many years after his removal to Wisconsin General Smith was an intimate associate of men who shaped the destinies of the future Commonwealth. In 1839 he was appointed adjutant general, which office he held for many years. In 1840 he presided over the deliberations of the first Democratic convention in Wisconsin. In 1846 he was elected secretary of the Legislative Council, and in the same year was elected to membership in the first Constitutional Convention. As a lawmaker, he was the original champion of "homestead exemption," and of the right of married women to dispose of their own earnings and hold property beyond their husbands' control. In 1849 and 1850 he was chief clerk of the Senate, and in 1856 and 1857 was attorney-general. In 1854 he was chosen president of the State Historical Society, before which he had delivered the first annual address after its organization in 1849. He was annually elected to the presidency of this society until 1860.

General Smith was a member of the Masonic fraternity, in which he held prominent official positions during the years between 1822 and 1858, when, on account of advancing age, he declined further honors, after having been Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, Grand Secretary of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge. He was a member of numerous scientific and literary societies of this country and Europe.

Among General Smith's published writings well known to collectors of Americana are "Observations on Wisconsin Territory," published at Philadelphia in 1838, and a "History of

Wisconsin, in Three Parts, Historical, Documentary and Descriptive, Compiled by Direction of the Legislature of the State." Of the latter work, only Vols. I and III were issued, bearing the date of 1854. The voluminous productions of his early manhood in Philadelphia included contributions to *The Portofolio* and other literary magazines, a great deal of fugitive poetry, a dramatic monologue, which was "printed and performed," a translation from the French of Sir William Jones's "Essay on Oriental Poetry," which ran through many issues of *The Portofolio*, and political papers innumerable. Though often urged to collect his scattered works, he never made the attempt.

The following description of the personal characteristics of General Smith is taken from a notice of his death which, over the signature of "C." was published in a local newspaper soon after he passed away:

"He was one of those rare natures that never grow old. Although over threescore and ten years had drawn external lineaments of age upon his person, yet within the brightness and buoyancy of early youth sparkled and warmed; while the wisdom of age, from the storehouse of a capacious memory, added to the luster of learning and genius. His presence spread a charm through all circles. The young sought his society and found congeniality in his ready sympathy; the learned found him a valued compeer; and the old looked with veneration upon one in whom life's changes had made so little change."

J. G. G.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
WILLIAM R. SMITH

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WILLIAM R. SMITH.

Dates and Incidents in My Life, Recorded for the Information
of My Children and Grandchildren.

(1787-1808)

My grandfather, the Rev. William Smith, D. D., was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. He was a native of Scotland, born about the year 1725, and having received a liberal education, and honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of Oxford and by Trinity College, Dublin, he came to America about the year 1750, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the English clergy, formed into a body for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. The first few years after his arrival in the colonies were spent in Pennsylvania and New York, and were chiefly devoted to the duties of his office as a Christian minister, the fostering of general literature, and the establishment of a system of collegiate and academical education. Aided by Dr. Franklin, William Peters, and other influential men in those days, the College and Academy of Philadelphia, since erected into the University of Pennsylvania, was founded, and Dr. Smith was chosen the first Provost, in which situation he continued with honor to himself and success to the institution for a period of twenty-five years. Dr. Smith was a man of rare natural endowments, a profound and varied scholar, a writer of beauty and energy, whose pulpit eloquence was in his time by many British critics and reviewers favorably compared to the productions of Massillon and Bossuet. His labors in conjunction with David Rittenhouse, the celebrated astronomer, in observing the transit of Venus in 1769 have made his name well known to the scientific world. (See American Philosophical Society Transactions.) His knowledge of the fine arts led him to perceive the dawning genius of the great painter, Benjamin West, and the judicious manner in which the young rustic was led by the Provost into such literary paths as were suitable to the future artist have been gratefully acknowledged by West. (See Galt's Life of West.) His various literary productions, his funeral orations, by request of Congress on General

Montgomery and by appointment of the American Philosophical Society on Dr. Franklin, together with his patriotic sermons during the Revolution, his many pious and eloquent discourses in the church in Philadelphia and other places of which he was Rector, and his devotion to the cause of education and literature during a period of more than half a century, have given Dr. Smith an honorable place in the history of his adopted country. He died at Philadelphia in May, 1803, aged 78 years.

In 1758 Dr. Smith married Rebecca, daughter of Colonel William Moore, of Moore Hall, Chester County, Pennsylvania, and had issue several sons and daughters, of whom three sons and one daughter survived him, namely: William Moore Smith, Charles Smith, Richard Smith, and Rebecca, the wife of Samuel Blodget. Another daughter, Williamina, was married to Charles Goldsborough, of Maryland, from whom is descended a large family on the Eastern Shore.

One of the daughters of Col. Moore was married to Thomas Bond, of Philadelphia, and one of the daughters of this marriage became the wife of Col. John Cadwallader of the Revolution. His son was Gen. Thomas Cadwallader of the War of 1812, whose son, now living, is Gen. George Cadwallader of the Mexican War. One of the daughters of Col. John Cadwallader was married to David Montague Erskine (son of Chancellor Erskine) when he was Minister from Great Britain to the United States, who since, I believe, has become Earl of Buchan.

Some years after Dr. Smith had become settled in Pennsylvania, one of his half-brothers, Thomas Smith, who was educated for the law, emigrated from Scotland, and also settled in Pennsylvania. During the Revolution he was entrusted by the State and by Congress with various civil and military offices—Judge of the District, member of the Legislature and of Congress, and Lieutenant of the County of Bedford. At the adoption of the Constitution, Col. Thomas Smith was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in which office he continued until his death, at Philadelphia, about the year 1810. Judge Smith left seven daughters and only one son, George Washington Smith. Thus I do not know of any relation

named Smith in America that I have, however common the name is, except the immediate descendants of the two brothers, Dr. William Smith and Judge Thomas Smith. Neither Charles Smith nor Richard Smith (sons of my grandfather) left male descendants, but by the daughters of both there is a large progeny.

William Moore Smith, my father, the eldest son of Dr. William Smith, was born in Philadelphia on June 4th, 1759. He received a liberal education under the superintendence of the Provost, and studied law in the office of William Lewis, of Philadelphia. Like other young men of that day he sought practice in the country, then rapidly increasing in population and wealth, in a circuit of one hundred miles around the city, and he opened his office at Easton, in Northhampton County. His brother Charles was a student with him. I mention this circumstance because the Duke de Liancourt, in his *Travels in America* (see Liancourt's *Travels*), in speaking of the society at Easton, says with all the flippancy of a slight observer, "The son of Mr. Smith, the lawyer, is a fine young man." The Frenchman did not perceive that there was only six years' difference in the ages of the two brothers.

In 1786 my father married Anne, the daughter of Captain Jacob Rudolph, or Rudulf, as the original Swede family spelt the name. This family came with the first Swedish colony that settled in that part of the country, now comprising the State of Delaware, and were located on various farms around the Head of Elk, and up the Delaware as far as Darby and Kingessing within five miles of Philadelphia. My grandfather on my mother's side was a partisan officer in the Revolutionary army, and commanded a company of yeomanry raised in his own neighborhood. After the battle of Brandywine he was made prisoner, and kept confined in Philadelphia during the time the British had possession of the city. I have heard my mother relate, among other of her Revolutionary recollections, that on the day after the battle, whilst her mother and all the children (she herself being then only ten years old) were waiting in the most agitating suspense for news of her father, who was known to

have been in the battle, and from which stragglers of the defeated were hourly passing through Darby, he himself was seen coming down the road. Their house was situated at the point of junction of two roads, and when Captain Rudolph entered his home by one door, and was about to embrace his wife and children, he was instantly made prisoner by a party of British soldiers who had entered by the door opening on the other road, and immediately hurried away before he was even allowed to bid farewell to his family.

Major Michael Rudolph, of the American army, was a cousin of my grandfather. There is a mystery in regard to this officer which is certainly very singular, and perhaps never will be developed. After the peace of 1783 Major Rudolph left Pennsylvania and was understood to have gone first to one of the Southern States, where he acquired property, married, and afterwards removed to the West Indies. From that period his relations in Delaware and Pennsylvania never heard of Michael Rudolph until after the downfall of Bonaparte, when, on the arrival of some of his generals in Philadelphia, an inquiry was instituted by them as to the family and connections of Michael Rudolph, coupled with a declaration that Marshal Ney and the American Major were the same person. It is certain that one of the generals went to the former places of residence of Michael Rudolph in pursuit of his investigations, and a result was made public, in the various newspapers and other sources of information of that day which convinced many of the personal identity of the two men. Even at this day, the inquiry and result mentioned above is believed in, and the public are entertained about once a year with newspaper paragraphs on the subject.

About the year 1786, my father removed to Montgomery County, having acquired property there, and I was born at La Trappe in that county, on the 31st day of August, 1787. My earliest recollections are of going to school at Norristown, the county town of Montgomery. Norristown is now a large and beautiful town, comprising manufactories of great capital and extent. The waterpower of the Schuylkill is used to an almost incalculable profit. In my infant days there was a small grist

mill on the river near the foot of Barbadoes Island. The Island was covered with majestic forest trees, and was rendered famous to us children by the great abundance of large sheldrake nuts and delicious pawpaws growing on it. It is now completely denuded, and in its extent, a mile in length at least, does not exhibit a vestige of a growing forest tree. The Norristown farm and property around and in the village, including the island in the Schuylkill and the mill, belonged to my father. He sold the whole (340 acres) in a body to John Markley of Norristown, in the year 1803.

My recollections up to 1792 are of course few. Some are very distinct—my loss of a pair of shoe buckles and shoes in wading along the muddy shore of the mill dam, and a subsequent whipping therefor; my regular going to church on the Sabbath, walking to the Swede's ford, more than a mile below the village, and crossing the river in a canoe to the church on the opposite shore, my infant struggles to learn my primer, aided by the tongue and the rod of the wooden-legged schoolmaster. The horrors of the gaol on the hill, conjured up by the view which the children daily took in coming from school, of the big iron door and ponderous keys of the gaoler, kind old Stroud. One remembrance is vivid—the bonfire made by the boys of the Whipping Post, which was cut down on the amelioration of the Criminal Code of Pennsylvania.

Our family removed to Philadelphia in 1792, and I was placed at school under the tuition of Mr. James Little and his ushers, this being at that time the largest and best preparatory school in the city. How many of the children of that school, forming there an acquaintance which grew with their growth, have long since departed from earth! How many early friendships has a lapse of sixty-seven years shrouded in the grave!

I remember the alarms created in every family in Philadelphia by the dreaded yellow fever of 1793. The city then was of so small an extent and population that a pestilence, as the yellow fever was called, was as much feared and as much felt as the cholera now is in many of our small Western villages. A general removal of the citizens took place to residences at a

distance from the city. I went with my mother to her relations at Darby and Kingsessing; my father went on his law circuit among the upper counties of the State.

The insurrection of the western counties of the State in 1794 occasioned the calling out of an army for its suppression. On the occasion of assembling and reviewing the volunteer troops at Philadelphia, I first had the satisfaction of seeing our venerated Washington. I had gone to the review ground, then an open common between High Street and Chestnut, above Eighth Street, now completely covered with streets and splendid buildings, not only to see the soldiers as a pleased child, but also to take what might be (as I was told) a last look at my father, who was a volunteer in the 3d troop of City Light Horse, the same troop of which in after days I was myself a member, and in our parades and exercises I rode the same horse that served my father on the Whisky Expedition, as that campaign was called. Indeed, the faithful old animal was named Whisky by all of our family. He passed the final years of his life in the pasture field and the stable, resting from his early labors. He died full of years and honors for past services in the tented field, on the farm and the road, and with harness for all occasions, from the anticipated fight to the pleasure carriage, the market or the farm cart, ever fitted to his back, regretted by our family, although not mourned by progeny, of which he had none. I relate this matter as an instance of a horse continuing to be of actual family service until 23 years old.

I have mentioned Washington. It has been my good fortune (for so I deem it now) often to have seen our venerated Chief. On returning from school each day, the boys whose course lay in that direction would be sure to pass the Presidential mansion in High Street, South Side, immediately east of Sixth Street, and there pausing for a few minutes, would frequently be gratified with a sight of the Beloved of All Ages. Often when Washington was walking through the streets of the city, I have seen the citizens bow, invariably with lifted hats, as they passed him, and then stop and look back on him in a manner indicating that each was giving a silent benediction to the Father of his

Country. I still have, even at this late day, his form and features before me.

In 1794 I narrowly escaped with my life from an accident of which I yet bear the deep and indelible mark. I was standing with head uncovered, gazing upwards at a laborer ascending with a hod of bricks on a ladder at a new building on the south side of Chestnut Street Wharf, when I felt a severe blow, and was prostrated, senseless. A brick had fallen on the left side of my head, fracturing my skull, slightly, I suppose, because in about a month's time I was at school again. A deep indentation still remains in my head, the effect of this accident. This same Chestnut Street Warf was a dangerous spot for me, as, some years afterwards, in 1797, a few of us schoolboys, on a holiday afternoon, were playing about the water, when we sprung into a boat lying at the wharf, between two vessels, and I seized the cable of one ship to draw the boat towards her, whilst the other boys laid hold of the cable of the other ship with a like intention. We were at different ends of the boat, and each was ignorant of the action of the other party. Consequently, the boat was drawn from under me, and I remained suspended by a small grasp of the hands to a large cable. My affrighted companions scampered out of the boat, and gave the alarm when they saw me lose my hold and plunge into the water. My sensations were distinct but very unpleasant. I believed my life was gone. I could not swim, and the last matter I recollect was that I exerted myself to pull my hat down over my nose and mouth, to exclude the water which I involuntarily was gulping down. I knew no more until I was about to be led home by my schoolfellows, with my fine new scarlet coatee torn up the back from end to shoulder. Some kind-hearted person had dived for me as I was sinking and had caught me by the coat. I never knew who he was. God has rewarded him, if only in the satisfaction of having saved a fellow-creature's life.

During my early years at Mr. Little's preparatory school, it was the usage, on a particular day of the week, to have the newspapers of a day or two previous laid on the desks of the reading class. Each boy had his newspaper (the same publication) and

read aloud a sentence from that part devoted to domestic occurrences and foreign news. When a period was reached, the next boy pursued the subject, and so on, consecutively, until the usher announced that the reading hour had closed. By this course of reading, much information of the world was gained; but newspaper reading was confined to the larger boys. The Bible and Scott's Lessons were the books of *First* readers invariably used. I distinctly recollect that by such reading I became step by step acquainted at so early an age (in an inadequate degree, of course) with the principal events of the French Revolution. The names of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Dumorier, and many other Revolutionists, were familiar to the schoolboys, and even the great name of after time, Bonaparte, had already appeared, and was duly noticed.

Sundry matters crowd on my memory as peculiar to the times. When the news of the beheading of the King of France arrived, or perhaps not until after the beheading of the Queen, as I can't fix the exact time, there was a public exhibition of the guillotine and its manner of operating on subjects advertised to be seen in Philadelphia, and doubtless the exhibition room was frequently crowded. Every day and every night the boys could be heard in the streets whistling and singing aloud the revolutionary tunes of "Ca Ira" and "La Carmagnole," and at the parades of military companies the drum and fife resounded to the same airs.

It was part of the amusement of growing boys to attend the Congress Hall at leisure hours, and as the dwelling of my father was at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets, the breadth of the street alone separated our house from "the State House Yard," or Public Square, on which stand at this day as then the Legislative and Judicial Halls and public offices of Philadelphia. Congress Hall was the name given to the building at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets. The Senate met on the second floor, the House of Representatives on the ground floor. It was in my power daily to be in the Gallery of the Houses of Congress, and every hour which I could spare from school, during the sessions of Congress, was devoted by me to those Galleries,

as I had what might well be called a child's *mania* to see and hear the great men of the country; for the young American at that day was taught to believe that there were no greater people in the world than the President and Members of Congress. But even a child's ideas of propriety were somewhat shocked one day, as I happened to be present in the Gallery of the House of Representatives when the disgraceful altercation took place between Matthew Lyon and Roger Griswold.

During the time that the seat of the Federal Government was located at Philadelphia, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the several members of the Cabinets of Washington and John Adams the elder, together with Thomas Jefferson, Vice President, and the prominent men in both Houses of Congress. After the lapse of more than half a century, the recollection of such apparently trivial matters is certainly pleasant, although nearly unregarded when they occurred.

The Black Cockade riots in the city in 1799; the marching of the volunteers, horse and foot, through the excited populace, and the planting of cannon at various public places, stirred up even the *infantry*, as well as the old politicians of the day, and the tri-color cocade as well as the black, showed the politics, Federal or Democratic, of the parents of the children who sported them in their hats.

The melancholy news of the death of General Washington reached Philadelphia in December, 1799, and I was present in the German Lutheran Church, on Fourth Street, corner of Cherry Street when the funeral oration was pronounced by Major General Lee, by appointment of the House of Congress.

During this year I had been placed in the Latin School of James McCrea, a learned Scots seceding clergyman, and in the beginning of the year 1800 I was taken by my grandfather under his own care to the old family residence (at this day, 1859, belonging to my son, Thomas Duncan Smith) at the Falls of Schuylkill, and here I remained under a rigid course of instruction until April, 1803. In May, 1803, my grandfather died, but I was then in England.

My father had for some years been the general agent for

British claimants under the 6th article of Jay's treaty of 1794, and in order to close his business he was obliged to go to England in 1803, whither I accompanied him as his private secretary. Whilst in England, we traveled much at various times along the whole southern coast from Dover to Falmouth and in the interior of the south and west, but only as far north as Oxford University. In London our time was very happily spent at the houses of many friends, and particularly at the house of Charles Dilly (Queen's Square), so often mentioned by Boswell in his life of Johnson. Here, at his hospitable dinner parties, I had the pleasure of meeting with Richard Cumberland, the venerable Pascal Paoli, a brother of James Boswell, and many literary and other notorieties of the day. Mr. Dilly took a satisfaction in showing to his guests the arm-chair in which Dr. Johnson (fond of good eating) perhaps enjoyed himself more than at any other house in London. At this table he became reconciled to John Wilkes. I also had much satisfaction in often visiting the house and picture gallery of Benjamin West. Mr. West, in his attentions to my father and myself, did not forget the obligations which in early life he owed to my grandfather, Dr. Smith. He lived in Great Newman Street.

In this year I commenced a preparatory course of study of history (my father intending me for the bar), under the direction of Thomas Kearsley of the Middle Temple. In the autumn of 1804 we returned to Philadelphia.

From this period until the autumn of 1808 I was, I believe, a diligent student, the first two years under the direction of my father, at his country residence on the old York Road, five miles from the city, and the latter two in the office of James Milnor in Philadelphia. Mr. Milnor afterwards resided in New York, and, having taken orders, became a distinguished minister of the Episcopal Church. I was admitted to the bar in September, 1808. My examiners were Richard Rush, Thomas Ross and Peter A. Browne; the Judge was Jacob Rush.

At the risk of being charged with overwhelming garrulity, I cannot resist the occasion of speaking of my desultory reading.

for many years, lest I should incorrectly obtain the credit of having been a close student during all of the time. In the course of the year 1795, I distinctly remember to have felt a desire to read such books as were rather of a more instructive nature than the host of children's histories of Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, the Siege of Troy, Seven Champions of Christendom, Seven Wise Masters of Greece, and other toy books. I recollect commencing with Hawkesworth's *Telemachus*, Goldsmith's *Rome, Greece and England*, and "The Penitent of Egypt," an epic poem which I have never met with since. I also at the same time read "Arminius, or Germania Freed," an epic poem now very scarce. In 1796 I read largely. My recollections lead me to name Hobbes' *Leviathan* (which I could not then understand), Fairfax's *Tasso*, Bell's *British Theater* (every play most intently devoured), Shakespeare (slightly), Hurd's *Cowley* (skimmin'g), *Biographia Britannica* (a voluminous work), Bell's *British Poets* (in a skip-page manner), and Dodsley and Pearch's *Collection of Poems*. In 1797 I traveled over the same ground, and read as many novels as I could lay my hands on, and became completely tired of the trash contained in their flowery, uninstru'ctive pages. In 1798 I attempted to read Shakespeare *con amore*, and by the help of Johnson's and Stevens' notes I thought I understood my author! At least I felt all his striking passages, and where his sentiment was deep I concluded it was beautiful, not because I did not understand, but because I was prepared to admire. In 1799 I read *Cantemir's Ottoman Empire* and *Claredon's History*. I ran through all the new plays and looked over *Hakluyt's Voyages*, *Harris's Collection*, *La Salle's Voyage* and the travels of the Jesuits in North America. In 1800 I commenced a regular course of reading (as I thought)—began with the *Universal History*, but was soon tired of the folios, and took again to poetry and plays; read *Spenser's Faery Queen* and *Chaucer's Tales* with much pleasure, and *Shenstone's poems*, *Gray's poems*, *Mason's poems*, and looked into *Sir William Temple's works*, and read a page or two in *Bacon's Essays*. From 1800 to 1802 my reading was desultory, and my leisure time, apart from my school studies, much

wasted in reading all the works of entertainment which I came across. I must, however, except my reading all the works of Smollett, Fielding, Miss Burney, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, La Fontaine's Fables and Tales, and *Le Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage (which I could now relish in the original), and some few of the novels in the very large collections of the Novelists' Magazine, such as *Tales of the Genii* by Sir Charles Morell, and Marmontel's *Tales*. I waded through the volumes of this publication, and was tired of Pamela, Grandison, Clarissa, and Avellaneda's Quixote. The Arabian Nights, Chinese Tales, Persian Tales, Tartarian Tales, and a host of others, kept me, I say, employed in idleness. In 1803 I went to England, and during eighteen months' stay there I was an intimate friend of the circulating library near our lodgings. My reading was without choice. I grasped everything that I had not before seen. I jumbled King James' *Demonologia* with Rabelais and Scarron, Madame Sevigne's letters and the Turkish Spy with Newgate Calendars, Sully's *Memoirs* and the *Icon Basilica* of Charles I with the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*. In short, I read without much profit. In 1804 I resolutely determined to reach the end of the British Classics, and the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *World*, *Observer*, *Mirror*, *Connoisseur*, *Lounger*, *Idler*, *Rambler*, etc., etc., etc., all passed through my hands. I next attacked the works of Swift, and, after skipping his letters to his friends, which I afterwards found contained more information than many others of his works, I vanquished his volumes. During the year 1805 I commenced History in form—Hookes' *Roman History*, Ferguson's *Republic*, Gibbon's *Roman Empire*, Hume's *England*, Smollett and Barlow's *Continuation*, and subsequently, Bissett's *George III*, were all travelled over laboriously. The hours of relaxation were filled with Ariosti, Tasso, Dante, Metastasio, Hervey's *Works*, Young's *Works*, Thomson's *Works*, Denon's *Egypt*, Savary's *Greece and Egypt*, Bruce's *Travels*, Keysler's *Travels*, Sir William Jones's *Works*, and all new plays, and old and new poems (ever and anon). During this period, from 1805 to 1807, I commenced the study of law, and in my hours of leisure I translated Sir William Jones's *History of Nadir Chah* and his

Essay on the Oriental Poetry, which he had written in French for the King of Denmark. In 1808 I was admitted to the bar. and since that time I have read all my old books with increased pleasure. and I am always happy to have a judicious selection of books around my table, as I feel that although I may have swallowed much and digested little, I still have an insatiable appetite for everything that issues from the teeming press, good or bad.

I have copied the above from a memorandum of my desultory reading, written at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, in 1819. Forty years have passed by, and I now, in 1859, regard it as truthful.

Mineral Point, Dec. 1, 1859.

JOURNAL
OF
GENERAL WILLIAM R. SMITH

JOURNAL OF GENERAL WILLIAM R. SMITH.

The noble public improvements of Pennsylvania by canals and railroads and the various turnpikes traversing the State from east to west have of late years afforded such facilities of communication between the Atlantic seaboard and the head of the Ohio river, that Pittsburg has become the neighborhood of Philadelphia. A distance of more than three hundred miles is overcome in less than three days' time, with an ease and comfort in traveling that invite the citizen and the stranger to visit that city of industry, enterprise, manufactories, steam-power and coal smoke, which is so beautifully and so eligibly situated at the juncture of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers.

Such visits have so frequently been made by the curious traveler, the inquiring philosopher and the multitude of that class who seek for amusement and pleasure in rapid traveling, change of scene, mountain air, and all the good viands that an epicure would choose to enumerate as desirable at his well-spread board, that any description of Pittsburg is here superfluous. It would be at the present day as surprising for an American not to know Pittsburg and its localities, its trade, its manufactories and its importance, as it was a few years ago to the foreign officer, who in examining the papers of an American vessel firmly believed she was a pirate because she hailed from the port of Pittsburg. The place was unknown to him, and when pointed out on the map as being situated so many thousand miles (by water) from the ocean, on a fresh-water river, certainly the wonder was undiminished, although the belief was accorded that the then little village of Fort Pitt was actually a commercial sea-port of North America.

After taking leave of many friends, Dr. William A. Smith, who accompanies me, called on board the steamboat "Pittsburg" at six o'clock in the evening of the 20th of July, 1837. In a few minutes all the other passengers and their luggage were safely on board, and we dropped down the Monongahela passing thirty-six steamboats moored along the quays of the western city, and entered the broad Ohio at the point of the junction of the rivers.

The two streams can be distinctly ascertained for some distance. The Monongahela is turbid, the Allegheny clear and beautiful.

About a mile below the city, at the head of Brown's Island, we were obliged to stop, on account of an ascending steamboat meeting us in the narrow channel occasioned by a large sandbar between the island and the right bank of the river. When again under weigh, the scenery on the river banks was delightful—the numerous elegant country-seats on the right, the precipitous wood-clad hills on the left, the highly cultivated island, with its numerous buildings scattered over it, in the center, the Ohio, covered with the small boats of the fisher either for pleasure or profit, the rafts of the lumber-dealer, and the steamboats of commerce, all presented a picture seen to be admired.

For several miles below Pittsburg the cultivation is generally confined to the left bank of the river. Here the table-land is elevated about twenty feet above the water, whilst on the right bank the steep hills, covered with their eternal forests of oak and thickly grown underwood approach closely to the river, leaving a public road at their foot, leading to Beaver and other places down the river.

About fourteen miles below the city we passed a steamboat, ascending the river, with freight and passengers, but now, unfortunately, aground. We could not render her any assistance, and passed on; but as the night approached, our pilot and captain, after a consultation on the dangerous attempt of passing several shoals and narrow channels near Beaver, in the night-time, came to the conclusion to anchor until morning. We accordingly let off steam and moored our boat within ten feet of the left shore, opposite the little town of Economy.

After supper, whilst the passengers were reading, writing and lounging about the decks and the cabin, an alarm of "Fire!" was suddenly given by a lady. There was instantly a very great rush towards the stateroom wherein was the danger. When I got to the room I found one or two gentlemen employed in tearing out the bedclothing and curtains. A candle had been imprudently left on a chair near the bed, and the curtains had caught, communicating to the cotton sheets. If

the fire had not been so immediately and providentially discovered, a serious accident might have occurred. The ignition of the cotton materials surrounding the bedding of a steamboat stateroom would quickly, like a train of gunpowder, seize on the whole range of combustible matter in the cabin, and assuredly if this had taken place nothing could have saved the boat. Fortunately the fire was immediately extinguished, at an expense of one blistered finger, belonging to me, and some three or four burnt hands of other passengers, and tranquility was restored. We were lying within ten feet of shore, and no danger could have been apprehended of loss of life, even if the fire had been more serious.

21st July. This morning the fog is so thick that we cannot see ten yards beyond the boat. We are obliged to wait until the sun shall disperse it. We hear the village bell at Economy calling the community to their daily labors.

After we had dispatched our breakfast and the sun had dispelled the fog from the waters, we again got under steam. The country on both sides of the river now opens considerably. The hills are at such distance as to leave a finely cultivated alluvial bottom, elevated about twenty-five feet, next to the Ohio. The industry of the farmer is not confined to cultivation, for I noticed, at a small farm to which was appended a sawmill on a small stream, that the enterprise of the owner had placed on the stocks, and had finished, nearly ready for launching, a steamboat of the largest class. We passed the town of Freedom, where two steamboats were being constructed, and soon afterwards reached the mouth of Beaver river.

The country still continues to possess all the varieties of the Ohio scenery. The river is alive with craft, from the cattle-boat up to the magnificent consumer of wood and vomiter of smoke and steam. A few miles below Beaver we crossed the Ohio line on the right bank, but still have old Pennsylvania on the left. Several villages and clusters of buildings on the Ohio shore were passed, particularly Liverpool and Wellsville, at which latter place are two daily lines of steamboats to and from Pittsburg. About eleven o'clock we reached Steubenville.

Passing Wellsburg, we came in sight of the beautiful island opposite Wheeling owned by Mr. Zane. It contains about two hundred acres, in a fine state of cultivation. A city has been laid out on it, as the country around Wheeling is too hilly for any great extension of building lots. A new bridge connects the island with the Ohio shore, but is not yet finished. The ferry boats are taken over the river, with their lading, by means of the current, operating on a "fleet" of small boats of peculiar shape and construction, drawn up in an oblique line and connected together by wire. We landed at Wheeling about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Twelve miles below Wheeling, on the Virginia side, is situate the village of Elizabethtown. The site of the town is remarkable for the number of mounds scattered over a considerable area. One of these mounds is about . . feet high, covered with forest trees. The stream of water here takes its name from this sepulchre of the aborigines, and is called Grave Creek.

Our course continued as usual, delighting the eyes with fine and splendid island and shore scenery, and awakening the heart to a sense of the beneficence of God in the contemplation of the abundant harvests ripening under His merciful dispensation. Whilst enjoying the cool breeze of the evening, in converse with a fellow passenger, seated near the starboard wheelhouse, we were alarmed by an unusual noise in the revolution of the wheel, and immediately the house was rent in a thousand fragments, the boards crashing and flying in all directions. I made my escape through the side door, being seated next the wheel. When the accident occurred my companion retreated along the hurricane deck to the ladies' cabin, and one gentleman, in his alarm, forced himself through one of the windows of the dining room. The boat was immediately stopped, and it was discovered that the accident was occasioned by the breaking of one of the arms of the wheel, and the broken parts having been carried around committed all the destruction. A few minutes before the accident, a gentleman and his three children were standing on the wheelhouse, of course without considering

the danger of their situation. When this alarm had passed over, the ladies cried out that some one had called "Fire!" On enquiring below, we found that one of the deck passengers, a German, had come in personal contact with the mate, who had ordered him to assist in "wooding," which he refused to do, saying he had paid his passage and would not work. The mate being the stronger, the German, in his paucity of English words, cried out "Fire" lustily, no doubt meaning to say "Murder!" We retired to bed, but the day of adventures had not yet closed. About midnight another quarrel took place between the mate and another of the Germans, on the subject of loading the wood. The German was struck on the face by the mate, with a billet, and severely wounded.

July 22. We were obliged to lie by a great part of the night on account of the fog. This morning we got under weigh and passed the pretty little town of Marietta.

Dr. Smith was called to visit the man who was struck by the mate. His face presented a dreadful appearance—one large gash on his forehead, the bones of his nose broken; a deep cut from between the eyebrows down both sides of the nose, almost separating it from the face, and both eyes black; the whole face swollen and bruised. His wounds were dressed by the doctor, and the mate very justly appeared alarmed at his situation.

These matters require public correction. It appears that the custom of the river trade is that the deck passengers are always to assist in loading the wood at the different stations where it is taken on. But surely this is an assumption of right, and an imposition on the part of the conductor of boats. The deck passenger pays his fare. He finds his own provisions. He is entitled to his passage, to his natural rest and sleep at night. If the labor of loading wood is beyond the ordinary help of the boat-hands and the persons who sell the wood, the deck passenger should be allowed a compensation for his labor, or a reduction in the price of his boat-fare. There should be no compulsion on the part of the captain or officers, founded, as it is, on a convenient and profitable custom, thus established by themselves, with an unequal benefit, nay, a positive injury, to one

of the parties. More particularly is this custom to be condemned when the officers of the boat invariably exact obedience from the deck passengers at the expense to them, in case of refusal, of violent beatings, the most abject treatment, broken limbs, being put ashore without their baggage and without their families, in a wild and unsettled part of the country—in fact, of being regarded as the servants of the captain of the boat. It is not to be wondered at that the passengers' resistance of oppression has sometimes proved fatal to the oppressor. One instance a fellow passenger mentioned as being witnessed by himself, when a deck passenger, being struck by the captain for not working as he wished him, immediately felled him to the deck with a stick of wood in his hand. The captain never breathed again. I repeat that this custom requires reform altogether.

The views on the river still continue in all the varied beauty of alternate woodland scenery and cultivated farms, and every few miles a thriving village, on the right and left banks. We passed Parkersburg, at the mouth of Little Kenhawa, and soon after came to Blennerhassett's island, famous in the history of the Presidency of Jefferson as the "locus in quo" Burr's conspiracy was developed in the first "overt act" of treason. If the pen of William Wirt had not rendered this place memorable, and if the misfortune of the wealthy, hospitable and accomplished family who resided there had not furnished a picture of vicissitudes of life which is melancholy and deplorable, the island would be passed as many others are, with a silent approbation as to its situation, extent and quality of soil. But as circumstances now are with regard to the island, the contrast is distressing to reflect on. The once splendid mansion, the abode of genius, beauty and taste, has been burnt to the ground. Not one stone rests on another. The very cellars, once filled with delicate wines chosen by wealth and luxury, are now filled up with the rubbish of a palace, and the surface is covered with a soil, even now as we passed by, laden with a crop of green and waving corn. The gardens where Burr and his companions were met at midnight by the lady of this little Western Paradise,

before the evil serpent crept in, and at the time that the seeds of destruction were scattered, now constitute a grainfield. The shrubbery is all destroyed and plowed up.

"Not one rose of the wilderness left on its stalk
To mark where a garden had been."

The present proprietor of the island has built his residence far from the unfortunate Blenerhassett's ruined dwelling, of which nothing now remains but the recollection of its location with some few who have not known it in its prosperous days, and when that memory is lost, its history and that of its former inhabitant will only serve

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

After passing the Little and Big Hocking Creeks and several villages, we came to the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, and a few miles lower passed Gallipolis. The country greatly improves in extent of bottom lands and in cultivation on both sides of the river. During the whole of the passage down, thus far, we have hourly been receiving and putting ashore way passengers. There is no difficulty of approaching either shore. The banks are so bold that the boat can lie in deep water five feet from the land. We stopped about eleven o'clock, on account of the fog.

July 23d. Proceeding on our course, we passed Portsmouth, a thriving town at the mouth of the Ohio canal. This place must become of vast importance in respect of local advantages as to trade. The weather is pleasant, but there is a sensible increase in the degree of temperature since we left Pennsylvania. Not having a thermometer, I should judge that the heat is about 89 or 91. The cornfields on the Kentucky side are considerably larger than those which I have been accustomed to see. Several fields have been passed from a half-mile to a mile in extent along the river. We are constantly passing fine farms on both banks. High hills are covered to their summits with the beautiful green corn, already in tassel, and shaking its tufted honors with every breeze. Villages now and then crown the banks, and about three o'clock we find ourselves in Maysville, a

very handsome town, where we leave several passengers bound for Lexington. On the Ohio side, Aberdeen is rising up in rivalry to its opposite Kentucky neighbor. Let such rivalry, constant as it is along the river, always exist. Trade, manufactures, agriculture, enterprise in the raising up of towns out of the forest, ever thrive most when generous competition is excited. In the evening, a violent storm of wind and rain arose, directly in our teeth, and after half an hour's continuance subsided in showers. We lost two chairs, which were blown overboard in the gale. The town of Augusta, where there is a college, was passed without our stopping. The situation is very handsome. Several fine public buildings have been erected and the residences of the inhabitants have been tastefully improved by the preservation of forest trees and the plantation of shrubbery. The houses are well built and neat, and indicate an air of independence and comfort in the dwellers. About midnight we arrived at Cincinnati.

July 24th. Much thunder during the night, and heavy rain, accompanied with vivid lightning, has cooled the atmosphere, notwithstanding which the weather is considerably warmer than I have experienced this year. We are obliged to remain here a great part of the day to unload. Having some acquaintances here, I went ashore, and had much pleasure in viewing this Queen of the West, deservedly so called.

The captain of the boat in which we came has determined not to proceed any further down the river, and the passengers, together with all his freight, are to be transferred to the steamboat Glasgow, bound for St. Louis. The Glasgow is certainly a splendid boat, and the exchange cannot be in any way regretted in regard to the table, the bedrooms, or any of the other accommodations; but the custom of transferring, like several other river customs, has its origin in imposition, and in time undoubtedly will be corrected.

A captain advertises in Pittsburg that he will take in passengers and freight for St. Louis, and will positively start his boat at ten o'clock in the morning of the 20th of July. Passengers have their baggage sent on board punctually at the hour

—they are on board themselves, and after waiting until twelve or two o'clock, they are informed that the boat will certainly drop down the river by sundown. The passenger who is in a hurry will be lucky if he finds himself out of Pittsburg on the following morning. We will suppose him on his way, and the boat making such speed as comes up to his wishes and also justifies the promise of the captain that he shall reach his destination in a given time, say six days, the time that the captain will engage to carry him within, and not beyond. Suddenly the boat is brought to at some little village, and a half-hour is lost in inquiring for some additional freight, or passenger. Way passengers are taken on and put out every hour. The whole day is passed in alternate stoppings, and then the dangerous risk of forced speed to overtake the lost time. If the traveler be "timid of steam" his nervous system will be greatly shattered by the reflection that "now the engineer is giving it to her." If he escapes being blown up by the bursting of a boiler, or stopped on the way by the breaking of one matter or other, occasioned by making up for lost time, the traveler finds himself laid up for a short space of six or eight hours at some noted place on the route where, by chance, if the boat stays, some freight or additional passengers may arrive, which the captain certainly never would forgive himself if he had lost. If the captain should determine, when he arrives at some point five, six, seven or eight hundred miles from his destination, that his freight and passengers will not pay his expenses and yield such profit as he wishes to make by his trip, he at once tells his passengers that he will go no further. If the whole passage money has been paid to him from Pittsburg to St. Louis, he will refund as much as he pleases, charging for the way travel what he pleases, and the passenger must make a new bargain to proceed on his journey if he can. It is true that if another boat is going to St. Louis, the captain will transfer his passengers into her and make the bargain, so that the passengers shall not be obliged to pay more than they stipulated to pay when they left Pittsburg. But men do not like such transfers. Ladies may not have proper accommodations in the new boat. There may be a choice of boats

and of captains, and if the choice is made by some of the transferred passengers they are liable to be charged an enhanced price for the passage. They are at the mercy of the second captain at the next stopping-place, and, in place of proceeding on his journey according to contract, whole days, nights, and often two days at a time, are lost in this manner along the route, although the original contract as to time and price of transportation was binding on both parties. These things should not be, and it only requires legal steps to be taken to punish the authors of such an imposition on the public. To put an end to it hereafter, such punishment should take place.

We arrived at Cincinnati at midnight last night. We have been detained here all day. At seven in the evening we now leave the city.

July 25th. During the night we have passed North Bend, the farm of General Harrison, and, having crossed the state line, we now have Indiana on one side and Kentucky on the other. At eight o'clock this morning, the city of Louisville is in sight about five miles from us. The approach is beautiful—the low shores on both sides of the river, under luxuriant cultivation, the fine sweep of the Ohio in front, terminating with the elegant buildings of Louisville on the left, and the town of Jeffersonville on the right, together with the numerous steamboats and other river craft, all form a most delightful picture.

We are here detained the whole of this day in taking in new cargo and discharging old. The falls of Ohio are at certain times impassable for large craft, and a canal has been cut on the Kentucky side around the falls by a chartered company. This canal is 80 feet on the surface, 10 feet deep, and two and a half miles in length. It is, however, a poor concern, considering the importance of a canal at this place. Two boats cannot pass in it, and the rough material taken out of the canal, generally large masses of limestone, is heaped up on the sloping banks, so that the canal is daily receiving debris which will impede the navigation. Add to this circumstance of there being no means of draining or emptying the canal, and no guard at the entrance of the Ohio to prevent the accumulation of deposition at times

of high water, this work may be considered a failure. Indeed, it is difficult to avoid grounding every time a boat enters, and when in, if she proceeds even half-way, and another boat is met, one or the other must back out. Add to this the tortuous winding of the canal, and the danger a large boat is always in of having injury done to her on account of the narrowness of the passage, and the work may well be pronounced a complete failure. The State should take charge of this work, and, whether it is ever improved or not, a canal on the Indiana side would be a profitable and desirable undertaking.

July 26th. We did not get off last night, and here, at nine in the morning, our captain finds that his boat is the only one descending, and that the passengers are at his mercy. He will detain as long as there is a prospect of a box, a barrel, a board or a passenger to go on board. However, we have told him that if he does not start he will be sued by several of the passengers for detention. At ten o'clock we are just entering the canal, nearly sticking in the mud, proceeding a few rods, bumping against the rocky sides, creeping on in consequence of the windings. We discover an ascending steamboat, and we are compelled to back out; no signal, no telegraph, no information of a boat being in the canal is thought necessary. We are delayed an hour, and we again enter this most pitiful concern. About half-way there is a splendid bridge of stone over the canal, with an arch about 60 feet over the water. About noon we enter the upper lock chamber. The stonework is splendid, and the whole appointment of the three locks which we pass in immediate succession is creditable to the company. On getting into the Ohio again, we find Shippingport a new village at the canal's mouth, and several first-class steamboats laid up here. A short distance below, Portland, Kentucky, and New Albany, Indiana, present themselves. There are many sawmills on the river. The shores begin to get lower every mile. The land is very rich—too much so for oats. A stack was brought on board more than five feet high—too much in straw. The cornfields are in fine condition. The sight of fertility and plenty is greatly gratifying. After passing the mouth of Salt river, the courthouse of Grandenburg,

on the summit of a hill, and the town on another hill, offered a pleasing view. In the evening a violent storm came up, with much thunder and lightning. It was so dark that we were obliged to lay by at nine o'clock. The company of ladies, with their music on the piano, and the violin and flute accompaniments of the gentlemen, render our evening parties very pleasant. About twelve o'clock the weather cleared and our boat again got under weigh.

July 27th. When I arose we were opposite Troy, Indiana. Several villages are passed on each side, and the land has all the appearance of a rich and well-cultivated soil. Cornfields are several miles in extent. The river increases in beauty. The islands become more numerous, larger and more luxuriant in the growth of timber, but they are generally overflowed and cannot be cultivated. About midday we passed the mouth of Green river, and a few miles below several passengers went on shore at the town of Evansville, the contemplated termination of the Indiana canal.

After dinner, we passed the wreck of a steamboat of the largest class near Carthage. About sunset we approached Wabash Island, about five miles in extent, and soon after passed the mouth of the Wabash river, the boundary between Indiana and Illinois. Below the mouth, a bar extends a considerable distance across the Ohio and we observed that a large steamboat ascending was aground. We attempted to keep clear of the shoal, but unfortunately got aground immediately on its edge, and after two hours' labor got off, although our companion in distress had been for sixty hours in that situation, and would remain fast until her cargo was taken out by lighters, which was being done when we left her. The lights of Shawneetown were just visible when we went to bed—but not to sleep, as the night was exceedingly warm and the mosquitoes were very troublesome.

July 28th. The boat having stopped near the shore from midnight until near daylight, we were sorely annoyed by myriads of mosquitoes. Having passed Shawneetown in the night, we find at sunrise this morning that we are opposite the

town of Golconda, Illinois. Numerous islands present themselves to the eye never satiated with the delightful river scenery. Steamboats are hourly met ascending the river. On the Kentucky side, a few miles above the mouth of the Cumberland river, I observed the cypress swamps for the first time. About nine o'clock we stopped at Smithland, a place of considerable business, situated at the junction of the Cumberland with the Ohio. A dam has been erected in the Ohio by the government, to improve the navigation. The waters of the Cumberland are clear, and distinctly discernible for a good distance after their entrance into the turbid Ohio. A number of steamboats are lying at Smithland. The country up the Cumberland is an iron region, and the manufacture of that metal in bars, pigs and castings is most extensively carried on. Nashville, Tennessee, is situate about 200 miles up the river, to which place steamboats trade regularly. About twelve miles below Smithland is situate Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee river, a thriving village. An old acquaintance is here editing a paper. About three o'clock we are at the mouth of the Ohio river, in full view of the States of Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri. At the junction of the rivers, on the Illinois side, there is a very eligible site for a great city, belonging to a New York company, but unfortunately the ground sometimes is flooded, and expensive levees must be constructed. A large island is situate in the Mississippi immediately above the Ohio. The banks of the Ohio have been gradually decreasing in height since we left the Tennessee, and now that we are in the country has become nearly level with the stream, or not more than five or six feet above it, and consequently at many periods subject to inundation. The soil is abundantly rich on both shores, producing corn in great crops, with slight cultivation or care. The water of the Mississippi is of a whitish yellow color, plainly distinguishable from that of the Ohio. It is pleasant to the taste, and preferred, by those accustomed to its use, to any other water. It is nearly as thick as common whitewash, and the idea of a crust of mud being left in my mouth was always present when I drank it. I could not cease to wonder why the captains of steamboats did not procure

filtering vessels, which can be had so cheap, which would not only add to the comfort of the passengers, but would also be a great saving of expense in the article of ice, as a filtering stone, surrounded by ice will cool and keep cool more water, and for a longer period, than a pitcher, into which a lump of ice must be immersed every five minutes in order to render the liquid palatable, independent of the comfort of drinking the pellucid stream, instead of the mud puddle, dipped in all its native, tangible thickness from the heavy-rolling Mississippi. The color and quality of the water are derived from the constant crumbling in of the banks, and the state of suspension in which the earth is held in the water. The Missouri gives the character to the Mississippi proper. The upper Mississippi, above its junction with the Missouri, is much clearer, as the banks are higher, more firmly based, and in many places rocky, whereas on the Missouri the banks are generally low, crumbling and subject to frequent inundations. The length of these astonishing rivers, when united, is, from the Gulf of Mexico to the sources, upward of 4,500 miles; the length of the Missouri to its junction with the Mississippi 3,200 miles; the length of the Mississippi proper to its junction with the Missouri 1,600 miles. The low lands on both sides of the river, from the mouth of the Ohio, are covered with a thick growth of cottonwood trees, covered with green vines which surround the trunk and the branches, presenting a beautiful appearance of dense forest. Every mile or two are found primitive settlements, where a sturdy and enterprising settler has established himself in a hastily constructed cabin of logs; an acre of corn and as much of the indispensable potato has been reclaimed from the surrounding forest, and the range of cordwood lining the river bank, for which a ready sale and prompt pay daily and hourly is found from the frequent passing of the steamboats, all give an assurance that his prosperity and wealth are rapidly increasing.

July 29. At daylight we are about 70 miles up the river, and 20 miles above Cape Girardeau. The land has become high and rolling on the Missouri side. The river from the mouth thus far is studded with islands. The width of the stream is

very difficult to be determined, as the numerous trendings and the various great and small islands, formed and forming, render the main channel known to the pilot only. The eye of the traveler cannot distinguish the true shore of Illinois. Fine corn-fields make their appearance in Missouri. Our course lies along the shore of this State until we ascend as far as Grand Tower, an isolated rock about 35 to 40 feet high, rising in a circular form, and detached from the Missouri shore, where similar rocks appear, about 150 feet. This rock doubtless once formed a part of the shore, and has been separated from its brethren by the action of the river. Immediately above Grand Tower, on the Illinois side, a similar rock stands on a point of land, around which the river makes a sudden turn. A farm house is situate on a small flat of land between the rock and rocky banks behind the house. The river can be seen across the little peninsula, and in time, perhaps, the stream may sweep to destruction the house, and, forming a new channel over the small strip of land, will detach the towering rock from the shore of Illinois and give another Grand Tower to the locality of that which gives name to this part of the river. Around the turn, there is a highly cultivated farm on the Illinois side. Soon after leaving this place we passed a sunken steamboat, being the same that had been attacked by Black Hawk's warriors in the late Indian war. Passed the mouth of Kaskaskia river, and about three o'clock we approached St. Genevieve. The village is beautifully situated on the borders of a rolling prairie, with high hills in the background. Several substantial farm houses and well-cultivated farms are in sight, and the village, with its venerable church and steeple, and the roofs of houses peeping out from amidst the surrounding trees and shrubbery, presents a charming picture. This town is now at some distance from the river, but in all probability the river once washed the base of the bank near the town, and all the intermediate land has been made by gradual accumulation of deposite. On a high hill above the town is an unfinished building intended for a Jesuits' college, but for some reason the design has been abandoned, and I have understood that the property is now for sale. Above the village, and at the

mouth of a ravine or bayou, through which the river once probably ran, is Pratt's Landing. A fine stone building and several other detached houses are here. The soil of the country is of a rich black mould. Judging from the river banks, which are constantly crumbling in, the strata are alternate layers of siliceous earth and alluvial deposits, daily and hourly crumbling down, mixing with the waters of the ceaselessly rolling Mississippi, forming new islands, or adding to those already formed. The process of island formation is apparent. Either on rocks or shoals in the bed of the river, an accumulation of logs and timber, floating from the great sources of the Mississippi, takes place in the annual and periodical floods. The constant washings and crumbings of the river banks, and the partial depositions of the water when stayed in its progress by the obstructing logs and trees, soon form a resting-place for greater washings, and heavier deposits of alluvium. In a few years, say two or three at the extent, young willows and high grass, flags, and other vegetable productions will cover the increasing soil. These first signs of rapid vegetation are quickly followed by the young cottonwood trees. The island increases by successive overflows, and deposits. Perchance it becomes fit for cultivation. But more probably it remains for a brief period a green spot in the wide waste of waters, until some overwhelming flood shall remove its surface, with all its pride of young timber upon it, carrying down the stream its soil and its product, to make a new foundation for a new island in another place—leaving perhaps a slight sandbar, or a bank barely rising to the surface of the river, to mark where an island had once been. Such is the general character of the Mississippi waters in regard to its island formations and removals. Immediately above Pratt's Landing is a large, well-built establishment. Several of the old French buildings are still remaining, presenting an interesting contrast with the modern stone warehouses and substantial dwellings. A short distance from this place there is a furnace for smelting lead. The lead is shipped from this place. The shore is now become bold, high and rocky, forming a perpendicular wall about thirty feet high, surrounded by a luxuriant growth of

wood, amongst which the hickory is in abundance. A few miles above these palisades, on the Missouri side, the range rises about 90 or 100 feet in height, presenting a perpendicular face. On the top of one of the hocks, projecting over, is built a framework forming a shot-tower. The shot falls through the air, and is received in a basin of water beneath, whence it is run along an inclined wooden trough to a building wherein the necessary processes of separation and cleansing are carried on. For several miles up the river the rocky shore continues. Limestone is the predominant quality in the strata formation. In many places the rocks assume the appearance of some old fortress in ruins, the towers apparently shooting up detached from the land and from each other. Several islands as yet only covered with grass and with young willows are forming in the river. Some have made their appearance within a few weeks, according to the testimony of persons who are acquainted along the river. This day is exceedingly sultry. In the evening we had a severe storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with showers. A large tree was shivered to the root, about a quarter of a mile from our boat. Some remarkable caves are found in the precipitous rocks on the Missouri side, evidently formed by the action of the water, although now nearly 100 feet above the river. Another shot tower, similar to the one described, is erected on the high rocks near Selma. The high bluffs still continue on the Missouri side, whilst on the Illinois side the lands are low, and covered with cottonwood trees. The settlers are numerous on both banks, cutting and selling wood, which is very lucrative, the price being from \$2 to \$2.50 per cord. Some is sold as high as \$3, and the daily consumption of a steamboat is from 18 to 30 cords. We stopped at Selma, which is the landing-place for Potosi. The lead mines are numerous a few miles from this place. The property at Selma is owned by a Mr. White. He has a beautiful and tastefully built dwelling of white stone. A fine portico overlooks the river. Several substantial storehouses and other buildings are here, built all of the same white stone material. About 300 tons of pig lead was on the bank, ready for shipping. I went on shore and ascended a

steep rock about 100 feet above the river, whence I had an extensive view of the back country. The low lands appear good—excellent for meadow land. The road up the ravine leads to Potosi. There is a good farm here and an excellent stock of cattle. Two deserters from Jefferson Barracks were arrested here by the officer sent in pursuit of them, and they were taken on board to be returned whence they came. We shall not see the barracks, as the night is approaching, and by morning we shall be at St. Louis. The barracks are on the Missouri side, about ten miles below St. Louis. The establishment, not only as a building, but in its arrangement and conveniences, is a credit to the country.

July 30th. This morning, at daylight, the various noises near me, the tinkling of bells attached to horses' necks trotting along with the milk carts, and the busy hum of population, have awakened me to the knowledge that I am at St. Louis. I arise and discover that we are anchored at the quay, alongside the steamboat St. Louis, being the largest one that I have yet seen. She is, I am informed, 250 feet in length. The appearance of the city is striking. The town clock strikes six. I view numerous stores and warehouses built of fine dressed white limestone. I see the wharves crowded with steamboats and some small craft, the streets alive with a population, for, although it is Sunday and so early in the morning, the wharves and adjacent streets are already filled with people. The milk carts are driving about. Several Indians in their native and acquired costume, that is, naked except their blankets, or dyed and decorated with the feathers and beads of their pride and vanity, are straggling along the streets or gazing at the boats. Shops are open. The itinerant vendor of street goods has his stall already decorated, whilst the upper part of the town, where the citizen has his quiet residence, removed from the stir and bustle of the business part of the city, is still wrapt in sleep. After breakfast I went on shore, and, as our chance of getting up the river is slight, under a delay of twenty-four hours, I took lodgings at the City Hotel. This day, in the course of my walks through the city, I met many acquaintances from Pennsylvania.

July 31st. About noon today we left St. Louis in the steamboat, "Adventurer." We have on board the Indian chief, Black Hawk, and about twenty-five or thirty others, men, squaws and papposes. Old Neema Manatoka, the great medicine man, Neconokokok and his son Wapakesek; the present chief of the Sauks and the squaw of Black Hawk being the only two who sat with Black Hawk at the cabin table. Black Hawk has obtained more celebrity than he deserves. I have been informed by those who know him best, and are qualified to judge of his character, that he is not the brave man he has been represented to be. His enmity to the whites and his influence with his band gave him a consequence in the late war that has been magnified by his travels in the United States as a prisoner of war. He has now been deposed from his chieftanship and asserts that he will always remain at peace with the whites, and as he has had experience of their strength, and has seen their power and greatness in the States, and as he has lately felt the pride of distinguishing himself from the other Indians by imitating our customs, in wearing a hat, walking with a cane, eating with knife and fork, and sitting on a chair, in which latter customs pertaining to the table he has initiated his squaw and the new chief of the band, it is to be hoped that he will ever hereafter remain peaceable, and that, as a deposed chieftain, his influence with his braves may be exerted in the course which he professes to pursue. His manners are grave and pleasing. He speaks with deliberation and earnestness, evidently with a knowledge of his subject. He uses little gesticulation, and on the whole is a very respectable Indian. The whole band appears to pay him deference, even in his present situation.

Above St. Louis seventeen miles, we reach the mouth of the Missouri. The waters do not mingle for some miles down the river. The upper Mississippi is much clearer than the Missouri, owing to the character of the country through which it passes. An island is now being formed at the mouth of the Missouri. An old Chippewa village is on the Illinois side. From this place there is a fine view of Alton, about six miles distant. This is a new and apparently thriving town, situate on the rise of a


gently sloping hill. The country around is very hilly. The new buildings are chiefly of a fine white limestone, of which there are several quarries on the riverside. The churches, with their spires, and one with a town clock, are handsomely built. The Illinois Penitentiary is now being built here, and is now nearly finished—that is, as much of the building, being one wing and the enclosing wall, as it is intended to complete at present. At the north end of the town is a very high rocky bluff. The town is laid out on several hills. The deep ravines between them are about being filled up where the streets cross them. Great enterprise is exhibited here, as the place is looked on by its admirers, advocates and supporters as a powerful rival of St. Louis.

Ascending the river, there are beautiful views. High rocky bluffs and at intervals sloping hills fit for raising grain, on the Illinois shore, and the low, rich alluvial bottoms on the Missouri side, the numerous islands in the river, and the splendid sheet of water, all combine in forming a charming picture. The mosquitoes alone disturb the harmony of the scene.

August 1st. This morning we have a cool and pleasant air. We are passing up a narrow channel between and among numerous islands, one on our right covered with cottonwood trees of an amazing height and growth. The banks are covered with willows. It is difficult to ascertain the main channel on account of the many islands. At intervals there are small clearings and corn patches on both shores. Two steamboats, descending the river in the extreme distance, winding their way among and around the islands, now appearing and again for a few minutes disappearing, give a life and spirit to the vast yet beautiful extent of waters and uncultivated wilds around us. The wildness of the scenery is augmented and the flights of the imagination are realized on looking at the Indians in our boat. Some are crouched in savage attitudes of indolence, wrapped in their blankets; others painting and adorning themselves; some smoking their calumets, and some conversing in their low, suppressed and guttural tones. The whole picture of savage nature, Western wilderness, incipient improvements, and development of

science in the proud steamboat riding through the great Father of Waters, renders this scene remarkable and certainly very extraordinary. We passed Clarksville, a well-built village on the Missouri side. There are several good brick school-houses. It is situate on the slope of a hill, surrounded by a rolling country, about 96 miles above St. Louis. A steam mill at the foot of a high rocky bluff at the north end of the town is in active operation. Twelve miles above this place is the town of Louisiana, where there are two steam mills. We passed Salt River, and about dinner time stopped at Savertown to land a passenger, with his wife, family, carriage, horses, etc., just from Philadelphia. They reside here, and have returned from a visit to the far East. This village is very well located, on the summit of a gently rising bank. The land around is level, well timbered, yet easily cleared. I observed on one of the stone houses the large advertisement of a travelling menagerie—elephant, etc. The weather has become extremely warm. Our Indians have discarded their blankets, and the Red Man of the Forest appears in his native and naked majesty. They diversify their painting each day. He whose face yesterday was covered with yellow ochre, today has alternate red and black streaks from forehead to chin. An aged man called Neemah Manatoka, one of the Sacs, has decorated his eyes, his forehead and the top of his head with brilliant vermilion, and as he professes to be the great medicine man of his band, he carries constantly a medicine bag made of the skin of some animal which resembles an ocelot. In this is his purse also, the legs serving as separate apartments for different coins. He is 95 years of age, according to his own account, confirmed by Black Hawk, and is very active. He carries with him certificates signed by several white settlers, of his having always been a friendly Indian and an experienced doctor, although he certainly is not much of a surgeon, as his left arm is useless in consequence of a dislocation of the shoulder which happened when he was only 25 years of age. He is fond of ornaments, and is well supplied with various rings and bracelets. He was greatly amused with a telescope, particularly in looking through the reverse end. A few miles above Saver-

ton a great slide of the mountain has lately occurred, bringing down with it trees and rocks, and opening a deep ravine in the hills, whilst the debris forms a point of land projecting into the river. This slide is in Missouri. The land is generally high and well covered with timber. As far as the town of Hannibal, which is a thriving village in Missouri, a wagon road runs at the base of the hills along the river, for some miles above Hannibal. We stopped at a warehouse on the river bank to take in six hogsheads of bacon for the upper country. I went into the warehouse. There were several thousand hams and shoulders hanging up as in a smokehouse, all well cured and ready for packing. Many hogsheads and barrels were already packed. About 100 barrels of pickled pork and as many barrels of salt were also here. A dwelling house and small clearing were at the foot of a high hill. The singularity of the matter is that there should be such a large quantity of bacon and pork here, and no settlement near to afford the supplies, at least none visible. The high hills now fall off as we approach Marion City. The site of the city is the very worst that I have yet seen; a level plain, or prairie, of rich soil certainly, extends several miles back into the country, scarcely elevated three feet above the present state of the water—in some places not more than one foot—the banks of crumbling sand and loose soil that will hardly support the weight of a child near the water's edge, continually falling in. There are many buildings scattered over the site of the city, many new buildings going up, three steam sawmills erected. A levee or double ditch, with a raised bank of more than a mile in extent, to keep out the water of the Mississippi, which would at all times overflow the city, affords a slight protection to the inhabitants. The prairie is about a mile and a half in front, and about six miles back from the river, bounded by high hills; but notwithstanding the beauty of situation this place must in all ordinary freshets be overflowed, in part if not wholly. A few miles higher up, on the Illinois side, Quincy appears, a splendid situation on a gently rising hill, which continues for some miles bordering the river. The principal part of the town is on the top of the hill, where the country



is level. The lower part of the town along the river is appropriated to storehouses. I walked up the hill, which is more than 100 feet above the river, into the town. It is well built, although from its extensive plan the houses are as yet much scattered. The new courthouse, with its portico, pillars, cupola and general architecture, is a neat building. Several gigs and other carriages were at the tavern doors, indicating good roads and a wealthy country around. This place is certainly destined to be a thriving place of commerce, and as the surrounding country eastward is as fine as any in the State of Illinois, it must shortly be a place of importance. A large prairie is just discernible in the background. We shall pass it after night. It is now sunset. We are in the midst of a prairie country on both sides of the river. As we were retiring to bed we were opposite the town of Le Grange. This day we have passed many Indians, who are encamped on the Mississippi side. A canoe passed down the river with eight persons in it—a frail bark machine, like an eggshell on this great inland ocean, and yet the Indians are as fearless of danger as if they occupied one of our floating castles.

August 2d. There has been much rain accompanied with thunder and lightning during the night. At daylight we are at Warsaw. We soon passed Fort Edward, an old military post, now abandoned, and sold to and occupied by Mr. Thompson. This place is opposite the mouth of Des Moines river. We observed several Indians on the river banks. At the village of Keokuk we put some of our Indian passengers on shore, to join several of their companions encamped here. We are now ascending the Des Moines rapids, and as a proof that our boat is a fast sailer, we passed a steamboat ascending which had left St. Louis three days before us and, considering that our captain is making a sort of trading voyage, much to the annoyance of those passengers who are anxious to proceed rapidly, as he is sure to stop at every town on both sides of the river, we have outstripped our companions on the water, unless they have had business at every plantation in their ascending progress. The

cultivation increases, and the scenery becomes more beautifully interesting on both shores. The hills are covered with fine timber to the water's edge, whilst the prairie extends inward from the river. After we pass Montebello the river is clear of islands for several miles. The rapids are in extent about twelve miles. On the Missouri side there is a large reservation of land for the halfbreeds of the Sacs and Foxes, on which many settlements of the whites are being made. Fort Des Moines is now evacuated by our troops, as it is within the Indian reservation. It is built on the borders of a fine and large prairie. The houses are good. The barracks and stabling have been put up at a considerable expense. The buildings are now occupied by a land company who have located themselves here, in Uncle Sam's military establishment, making use of Uncle Sam's hay, of which more than one hundred tons have been left at the Fort, and they have opened a land office for the disposal of the halfbreed lands, by what authority I could not learn. Black Hawk and all the Indians who have remained with us land here, as their wigwams are about five miles over the prairie. Several chiefs are here waiting for their friends, some splendidly dressed, on horseback, armed with bows and arrows. The women have strapped their children on their backs, and all, more or less laden with packages, have started across the prairie. Opposite Fort Des Moines there is a fine tract of settled country, with good buildings, in Illinois. Several excellent farms are in sight. The river is several feet higher than at ordinary times, and we have passed the rapids in about two hours without difficulty. A passenger informs me that he was seven days in ascending them last summer. Above Fort Des Moines there are several islands. A small town called Commerce is on the Illinois side. We landed at a very good stone building, three stories high, with piazzas and railing at each story, the lower story supported by stone pillars, the whole built of dressed and squared limestone, about 50 feet front. Two fashionably dressed young women were in one of the rooms. Five years since this country was the seat of savage warfare. A few miles up the river is Fort Madison, a brisk vil-

lage in Wisconsin, built on a high bank, apparently much trade and business going on. Shortly afterwards we passed a beautiful settlement in Illinois—prairie ground in cultivation, very fine buildings, splendid scenery, with wood-clad hills in the background. A few miles higher, there is an extensive prairie in Wisconsin. There are many islands. The land in Illinois is low, very rich, and covered with fine timber. I went on shore at a small settlement in Wisconsin. The land is about two feet deep of a rich black mould—level country, covered with hickory, walnut, shellbark, maple, etc. We landed at Burlington, the present seat of government of Wisconsin, a neat town on a good bank. Many buildings, including a large one for the Legislature, are being erected. More than eighty houses have been erected since April last. The country around Burlington is as fine as any in the Iowa district. Met with an old friend here, Cyrus S. Jacobs. A few miles above Burlington an extensive prairie opens on the Illinois side, studded with groups of trees, in all the beauty and variety of park scenery. In the background rises a ridge of woods, fringing the lower prairie, whilst through the openings are discovered other prairies on the second level. The river soon presents an extensive sweep, free from islands, and after proceeding some miles the whole river is again filled with them, rendering the true channel difficult to be discovered. About 18 miles from Burlington is another beautiful prairie, on the Illinois shore, spreading out for many miles to the eastward, fringed with wooded hills, amongst which appear small prairies at irregular intervals, presenting a prospect similar to that of a well-settled and highly cultivated country. At the northern end of the prairie the new town of Oquako is built. The houses are erected in a handsome style, and are generally painted white. One house, with a portico, and pillars to the roof, situated on a gentle knoll, rising equally from all sides, in the center of the town, surrounded by a neat paling and a cultivated garden, has the appearance of the residence of a man of fortune and of taste. Above the town the land rises about 40 feet from the river, and, from the nature of the soil, is called the Yellow Banks. It is a rich flat, covered with low oak timber. Just as we were about

to retire to bed, we stopped at New Boston, opposite the mouth of lower Iowa river.

August 3d. At sunrise we are opposite Salem, in Wisconsin, a village of which the skeleton only appears. The town is laid out on a high bank, well wooded and sloping southerly. The frameworks of several buildings are in the midst of the woods. About a quarter of a mile from the townsite the prairie commences. The river here for several miles trends to the east. Our course is nearly east, to Rock Island. At the mouth of Pine river there is a beautiful farm on which the City of Iowa is laid out. The prairie and uplands, all cleared by nature, are fenced and divided into fields with corn. Small grain and grass growing, cattle feeding, etc., gave the idea that we were in the heart of a settled country, instead of the wilds of the West, where the Indian warrior only four years since roamed through the prairie, armed with bow and arrow or deadly rifle, and sought the life of the white man with as much eagerness as that of the animal which furnished him with food. For many miles the country is prairie, interspersed with strips of woodland and clumps of trees, as beautifully scattered and diversified as if planted by the hand of taste. Settlements progressing, houses building, and fences being constructed. A settler has nothing more to do than to build a house and break up the land. The prairie comes to the water's edge. The boats anchor with their bows and sides in the grass, the water at the shore being four feet deep and descending to 20 and 30.

Buffalo is a new village on a most delightful sloping prairie. Thirteen new houses now building. The banks at the water edge are of hard gravel—prairie still continues. Numerous settlements. Rockingham is a considerable village, spread over a large level flat. Many new houses building. This town is opposite the mouth of Rock River. About three miles above we come in sight of Stevenson (county seat), Illinois. Davenport and Le Claire's houses, Wisconsin, and Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. Splendid scenery; most delightful and beautiful country, forming a grand amphitheater, gradually rising from the

river to the wooded tops of the surrounding hills. Prairie with groups of trees, cultivated grounds and thriving villages.

On the point of the Island, the scene of Black Hawk's protracted defense in his war, stands the Fort and surrounding buildings, surmounted by the Flag of our happy country. Mate ducked a passenger in the river. LeClair's house a beautiful cottage scene. Davenport's house a splendid villa, with all appurtenances; shrubbery, etc., in good style; his pleasure boat moored at the beach in front of the lawn.... Passed through the rapids of Rock river. About the midway of the river, near the rapids, the steamboat Emerald was sunk last April. She remains a beacon as long as she will last. She is sunk up to her lower deck, but is much warped and going to destruction. The land on both sides is well covered with timber, and the settlements are not so extensive as on the prairies. On opposite sides of the river stand two sawmills turned by the current of the Mississippi. Port Byron is at the head of the rapids on the Illinois side. Parkhurst on the Wisconsin side. Extensive view up the river. Sloping hills, covered with timber.

We now have numerous islands and extensive prairies without trees on the high lands on the Illinois side. Beyond the many small islands, we discover large low prairies in Wisconsin. Passed the entrance of the Meridosia and two towns in Illinois—Van Buren and Albany, adjoining, and Camanche, on the Wisconsin side. The town of Camanche is on the edge of a high rolling prairie, the most beautiful and extensive we have seen. The views are magnificent—grass four or five feet high, waving with the breeze, the distant hills, over which are scattered clumps of trees in tasteful groups, the wide expanse of level country to the southwest and northwest, and the rolling hills and prairie westward; all present such a picture of civilized and agricultural life that one can scarcely be awakened from the illusion; and yet all is in a state of nature! Here would I wish to live, of all places for beauty that I have yet seen. Stopped at Savanna to wood. Several Indians here. Two brothers, half Winnebago, half Sioux, one very intelligent; wanted to go up to the treaty ground.

August 4. At daylight find ourselves at the new town of Belleville, Wisconsin. River crowded with small islands; lands high; remarkable hills here; hill at the base, oblong, sloping on each side and to top 300 feet long; rocks protrude like small houses on its sides. Had no time to examine it, but no doubt plenty of stone could be procured, which is much wanted. For two days past the weather is much cooler. It is now as cool as in September in the morning and evening in central Pennsylvania. The high hills and broken country in Illinois indicate our approach to the mineral region. Stopped to wood at a fine island below the mouth of Fevre river. Several families on it. Good cultivated fields. Several islands at the mouth of Fevre river. The Mississippi backwater renders the entrance difficult to be perceived. The river is about 200 feet broad; 10 to 15 deep; exceedingly tortuous in its course; seldom able to see ahead. It winds through broken and irregular low hills, with scattered trees on their tops. Several settlements on the banks, as the land has been cleared by nature for the inhabitants. About six miles up to Galena. The country is rocky. Two smelting furnaces on the bank of the river. Galena is on the right bank; a neat town, at the foot and on the side of a gentle hill; houses neatly painted, generally of frame. Met with Col. Slaughter, Secretary of Wisconsin; Col. Worth; Maj. Plympton, of the Army, and his family. They are destined for St. Peters. Had difficulty of procuring a means of conveyance to St. Peters. Prevailed by money on the captain of our boat to proceed as far as Prairie du Chien. After dinner left Galena. (Murderous incident there.) Fevre river not navigable higher than this point for steamboats. The depth of water is in a great measure caused by the backwater of the Mississippi. Galena is two miles and a half from the Mississippi, and by the courses of Fevre river six miles. We are again in the Mississippi. The banks on the west side are high, rocky, covered with timber; on the east, low. Passed Dubuque's grave. A perpendicular rocky precipice, sloping landwards into the general level of the country, projects itself to the washings of the Mississippi. Catfish creek runs along one side, and on the other a deep ravine, in which is situ-

ated Riprow Furnace, separates it from the continuous high ridges of the river. A splendid house adjoins the works at the base of the hill. A son of Gen Gratiot lives in the house; owns the works partly. On the summit of the precipice a small mausoleum surmounted by a large wooden cross designates the narrow dwelling of Dubuque. This was erected by the Indians, and the body was buried, or rather enclosed, by them in the building. About a mile and a half above you pass many small islands and a smelting furnace. At the mouth of a ravine the town of Dubuque is in sight, built on a flat at base of a range of mound-like hills, separated by ravines. The hills contain galena. The town, well built, contains about 1,200 inhabitants. New Catholic church building. The undulating country above and around Dubuque is beautiful. All that is wanting is fencing or any division of fields to render it capable of a comparison with the best settled counties in Pennsylvania, and superior in all the natural beauties of scenery—grand beyond description of the pen. We pass for two or three miles above the town through and among a number of small islands covered with willows. Getting from amidst the islands, we pass on the right bank a remarkable high rocky bluff. Passed the mouth of the Mequiquito river, navigable at all times for about four miles to Peru, in the Lead Region. Some miles above Dubuque the high rocky bluffs continue. A small prairie presents itself on the right bank, and the hills again extend their steep sides to the margin of the river. Reached Cassville about 10 o'clock.

August 5th. At sunrise we are opposite Pike's Hill, about a mile below the mouth of the Wisconsin river. Very high rocky hills line both sides of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Wisconsin. As we were sailing along under the steep rocks and lofty oaks which cover Pike's Hill, we disturbed a large eagle that was on the river bank seeking his breakfast. He soared away to the north, much disturbed, no doubt, by the unusual visitor in these secluded wilds. About two miles above, we enter a cluster of islands, and soon have a splendid view of Fort Crawford, the old works of Prairie du Chien, and the new town. As we approach, the view increases in grandeur. The hills on both

sides recede several miles from the river. The open prairie extends to the southeast and east as far as the eye can reach. The splendid military works, the old works and town on a level extended point to the left, the low country reaching to the north, where the view is bounded by the high hills and bluffs of the Mississippi, 20 or 30-miles distant, and the new city on the right. Indians, encamped all around us on the river, render the whole scene worthy the pencil.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

The prairie here is about six miles long and one mile and a half broad at the broadest part. There are a few enclosed fields near the bluffs in which corn, wheat, oats and field peas and potatoes are raised, but the greatest part of the whole is a common, through which the horses and cattle of the inhabitants roam at large. A town is laid out by a New York company, in anticipation of its being a place of trade and deposite for the upper country. This is highly probable, as there is every advantage arising from the junction of the Wisconsin at this point, the beauty of situation, the trading establishment of the American Fur Company, there being no other spot on the river below for 80 or 90 miles where so many advantages concur. All speak in favor of the prosperity of the new city. Went over the slue to the town. Gov. Dodge and the Secretary, Mr. Van Antwerp, arrived this afternoon. The treaty is completed satisfactorily. The purchase has been made.

Sunday, August 6th. I walked over the Prairie and up to the top of the bluffs. Along the side of the bluffs evidence is fully exhibited of the whole prairie having once been the bed of the river, and the water between the hills has been similar in its expansion to Lake Pepin. The regular range of rocks along the bluffs shows the former bank of the river, and the slope below indicates the bold shore. The same appearance of rocky line is exhibited on all the course of the bluffs up the river, and it is about 100 feet above the present river.

Walked to the garrison to see Gen. Brooke and the officers. A mile south of the fort the new city is laid out. A number of

Indian mounds are on the bank of the river. Some graves are sunk in so as to discover bones and remnants of blankets. The Winnebagoes bury on these mounds yet. The remains of the old French fort are near the mounds. The old fort of the Americans is on the bank of the Mississippi. It is now in ruins. The magazine is still standing. A number of houses are here, also the splendid and substantial stone warehouse of the American Fur Company. A slue of the river separates this small prairie from the new town and Fort Crawford. This is now crossed by a ferry boat, as the water is high, but generally at this season it can be traversed dry-shod. There are two stores and two inns in the new town. We are very comfortable at the Temperance Hotel of Mr. Tainter. We went to church in the new courthouse, and heard an excellent moral lecture delivered by a Mr. Lowry, an eloquent and sensible preacher, a Cumberland Presbyterian; the congregation numerous and attentive, considering we are on the borders of our civilized society. I was much pleased with the number of ladies and children, and the degree of propriety exhibited by the whole congregation.

Although this country is very large, and a number of public roads intersect it, yet as they are chiefly over prairie ground, I am told by the citizens that no assessment for road taxes has ever been made.

Monday, August 7th. In consequence of information received from Mr. Boyd, sub-agent of the Winnebagoes, Gov. Dodge will hold a talk today with the chiefs. We dined at the garrison with the officers. The table was luxuriously spread—the best of provisions—vegetables, ice creams, West India preserves, olives, pale and brown sherry, port, champagne, and strong liquors. This and the ladies of the officers—all contributed to erase the idea that we were on the frontiers of civilization and surrounded by the wild children of the Mississippi. Before dinner I rode over the prairie to the banks of the Wisconsin. Visited several Indian lodges. The families appeared to be prolific. Very many young children. A little sportive set of about a dozen were up to their armpits in the water, shooting their arrows some distance on the water and then diving under

and swimming until they appeared above again where their arrows had alighted. In the afternoon we went to the council house. The Governor invited me to a seat beside him at the upper end of the room. Around the room on three sides were seated on the floor about forty chiefs. The principal chief, Wacon le Carri, wore a beaver hat, green spectacles, on account of his sore or weak eyes. He also wore a blue frock coat and leggins, but bare above. He carried a staff of office, a highly decorated spear. The others were generally naked except their leggins, cloths and blankets—some highly painted, some with feathered headdresses. Around the house were seated the squaws and children, the windows crowded with the young men not yet admitted to council. Several of the chiefs were smoking. The Calumet was lighted, first presented to the Governor, then to the Agent, Gen. Street, then to myself, and afterwards passed around to the whole number, beginning on the right and ending with Wacon the chief, who sat on the extreme left. The Governor then gave them a talk through young Pocquet, the stepson of the man who was lately murdered by the Winnebagoes at Fort Winnebago, for which crime the murderer is now in prison and will shortly be tried. The Governor's talk assured them of protection, and asked them to express their wants. Wacon, in reply, stood up, and, laying by his hat and spear, made an animated discourse. At every interval of interpretation of the Governor's speech the chiefs gave their assent of satisfaction by the guttural interjection, "Ugh!" The substance of the reply was that the Winnebagoes wished a deputation to go on to Washington to communicate their wishes to the Great Father, the President, relative to the disposal of their lands. They also desired some provisions and tobacco, to feed themselves and their squaws and papposes. The Governor issued orders on the garrison for 400 rations of pork, flour, etc., and a plug of tobacco to each, having ascertained that such a number was required for all. The Chief shook hands with us, and the Council broke up. Before adjourning, Governor Dodge observed a young chief, finely dressed with feathers, whom he recognized as one whose life he saved in 1827 in battle. He was taken prisoner and about

to be shot, in consequence of having his gun cocked on his shoulder. He was on horseback, and surrounded. Gov. Dodge rode up as a half-dozen rifles were leveled at him. He knew the custom of the Winnebagoes in carrying their rifles cocked, and took his gun from him, and by this means saved his life. He afterwards, at the battle of Bad Axe, piloted the Indians, and was shot through the arm, and when under our surgeon's care he told that Gov. Dodge had saved his life five years before, but it would have been better for him to have been killed then than to bear the pain he now was suffering. He shook hands with the Governor and me, but did not say anything. After adjourning, we went to the garrison to see the provisions distributed. The pork and flour barrels were brought out in front of the fort, where the whole body were seated, and an Indian, was appointed to distribute according to families. The utmost harmony was exhibited. Impartial and exact justice in distribution apparently was observed, and they shouldered their packs and dispersed to their different encampments. Whilst this was going on, news came that last week a hunting party of six Winnebagoes was murdered by the Chippewas. They had been absent long, and a party went in search of them. Two men and one woman were found killed. The three children have probably been carried off prisoners, as they have not been found. The Governor will see them again tomorrow on this business. Mr. Van Antwerp, the Secretary, went down the river this day in a canoe for Galena. The steamboat Science arrived this day from Galena, and proceeded up the Wisconsin for Winnebago.

August 8th. Rain this morning. The report is untrue of the murder, and no Council is held. The Indians acknowledge to the Governor that the report is false. Quere as to the conduct of the American Fur Company in its opposition to the views of government. Winnoshek is the chief, Waccond de Carrie the speaking chief. Winnoshek is the father of two sons, one called the Sac, the other the Sioux, from the circumstance of their spending their time with these tribes. The Sac is the one that the Governor saved the life of, as stated above. Left the Prairie

at one o'clock. Five travelers left at the same time on horseback for Cassville. Gov. Dodge, Lieut. Connor, Dr. Smith and myself, with the Governor's servant and the driver, had an excellent open wagon and a pair of strong horses. All our baggage was carried in the wagon. We crossed the prairie on the military road which was laid out three years ago; 140 miles from Winnebago to the Prairie. We passed some good farms, carelessly cultivated, and left the low grounds about two miles from the fort. We ascended the high grounds and found for four miles a most rich and fertile black mould. A rolling country, interspersed with a few trees, not sufficient timber to fence the land on it. But wherever the corn or wheat or oats are cultivated, which are seen in a few fields, the crops are most luxuriant. At six miles we descended to the Wisconsin, a noble river, about as broad as the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and of a depth of 15 or 20 feet. A ferry is established here. We crossed, and on the eastern bank there is a large flat of swampy land. Mosquitoes very troublesome. A town laid out on the flat, which must be overflowed often. Soon after crossing the flat we wind among rocky hills in a general eastern direction, through a most excellent narrow prairie, finely watered with many springs, a narrow stream flowing through the whole extent of the meadow. At various places the meadow diverges to the right or left among the windings of the hills, forming delightful and fertile grass grounds of from 15 to 30 acres, all connected with the main prairie through which we travel. At the head of these diversions, a skirt of wood at the foot of a surrounding hill, and the low willows indicating the existence of the pure spring, all present a delightful spot for man's residence. This must be a fine grazing country in time. We ascend the hills at the head of the prairie, about five miles from the river, and on the ridge pass through a tolerably well wooded country for five miles more, and emerge into an extensive rich upland prairie. We stopped on the edge of this prairie at the farm house of Mr. Hicklin, who has a fine farm, about 70 or 84 acres under fence, most fertile black soil, fine corn, wheat and oats. This farm is about twenty miles from Cassville. The prairie is about six

miles broad, extending east and west. Several settlements are on it. Mosquitoes very bad.

August 9th. Rain in the night. After breakfast we left Hicklin's and rode through a most luxuriant rolling prairie of the richest soil, with strips of timber bordering and scattered over it. At 37 miles' distance we stopped at two o'clock at Parrish's farm for dinner. Here we have a fine view of the blue (Platte) mounds about 18 miles south of us. Belmont is situated at the foot of the eastern mound. The prairie here is rolling, and eastward the eye cannot reach the extent; but southward the view is bounded by the wooded hills beyond the blue (Platte) mounds. The best land on the prairie is to be found after leaving the 31st milepost from Prairie du Chien. At 35 miles we stopped for water at an old encampment of Gov. Dodge. A beautiful and desirable farm. Many fine situations near this place, east and west and on both sides of the military road. We are now in the midst of the mining region. The diggings are all around us, and although the galena is found immediately below the surface, yet the best of soil, and most productive, is found on the surface. The improvements of T. J. Parrish are extensive. He has in one body 1,700 acres of prairie and wood land, a new smelting furnace, corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, an abundance of mineral, a number of fine springs, which unite in a dell below his house and falling over a ledge of large rocks about 16 feet perpendicular, give him an excellent water-power with sufficient never-failing water. He has also abundance of fine limestone, which not only makes good lime, but blocks can be procured of any size, and will polish like the best marble. He has been settled here since 1828. Mr. Parrish is industrious. His teams of oxen hauling mineral, ten fine fat animals in a team; his comfortable log buildings, all his improvements show that he will be a wealthy man. We were obliged to stay half a day and until the next morning with him, as one of our horses was foundered by drinking water on the prairie after a long abstinence. Met with John Plumb, from Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, here.

August 10th. Rain this morning. Wingville postoffice at this place. A number of prairie hens yesterday. After breakfast it cleared. Several gentlemen came, travelers. Said that three wolves had met them on the prairie and had faced them. They were shot at and fled. At noon passed through the mineral region. Pedlars' Creek—a number of miners' houses and groceries or taverns—quite a settlement. Passed Mr. Terry's settlement, old smelting furnace, and, about a mile further, Col. Bequette's, the son-in-law of the Governor. Fine establishment, wooded country, rich ore, elegant cupola furnace—20 pigs in 24 hours, averaging 70 pounds; store and fine buildings. Dined here. Family live in elegance and comfort. Passed several other smelting establishments, and rode through a broken, hilly country about 4 miles, crossing a branch of the Pecatonica, and arrived at Mineral Point. Found many Pennsylvania acquaintances here.

August 11th. Visited several diggings and a smelting furnace, adjoining Mineral Point. Wood here is worth \$6 a cord; coal $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel. The yield of good mineral is 85%. A good furnace will give 20 pigs per day of 70 pounds each. A new bank of \$200,000 capital was established here by law last winter. Stock taken yesterday. The population of Mineral Point is about 400. The town is situated on the side of a hill and on its summit. The streets are irregular, as the building lots are in conformity with the first houses, which were put up without order by the early miners. A number of small hills, separated by small hollows and ravines from one another, surround the town. On the hills numerous diggings are worked by the miners. Some are now abandoned, no doubt prematurely. Labor and industry are not sufficiently exerted. The ease with which mineral has been obtained near the surface has given rise to the numerous diggings over the whole district, and the shafts or sinkings have not been sufficiently explored. Some wells or shafts are from 80 to 100 and more feet deep. There is no doubt that if lateral drifts were made into the hills, the advantages in quantity and quality and ease of obtaining the mineral would be immense. But capital is wanted very much in exploring the

mines. Several new houses are going up. Timber is very scarce and dear—\$6 a thousand is no uncommon price. Pine boards and shingles are here, brought from the Allegheny river, and the new houses in contemplation will be built with lumber procured at Pittsburgh. The purchase of the Chippewa country will greatly benefit the whole country in giving abundance and lessening the price of lumber.

August 12th. Unwell today.

August 13th, Sunday. At Mineral Point.

August 14th, Monday.

August 15th. At Gov. Dodge's. (His dwelling, family and improvements.)

August 16th. At Mr. Messersmith's. In afternoon went through a delightful and romantic country to Helena, 12 miles from Messersmith's. Hilly country. Splendid and diversified views open on a wide bottom through which a large river once ran down to the Wisconsin. Delightful cold springs in the bottom land. Establishment at Helena. Mr. Webb agent of the New York company. Wisconsin Shot company. The tower is on the top of a high hill with a precipitous, rocky face, running down to the creek. The tower is built of wood, rising from a base or foundation on a ledge of the rock 80 feet to the top. From this base the solid sandstone rock is perforated about eight feet in diameter and 100 feet deep to the basin at the bottom, which is seven feet deep. The water in the basin is supplied by hand and emptied in the same way. This basin is situated within the rock, 90 feet from the face. To this basin a horizontal drift has been cut in the rock, about seven feet high and five or six feet wide. An inclined plane is erected in the drift from the basin to the finishing house which is on the bank of the creek at the foot of the perpendicular rock. The shot is carried in cars into the finishing house by a horsepower, which power is employed at the same time by various machinery in drying the shot in a cylinder over an oven, and from the oven the shot is carried into the polishing barrel, and thence the various sizes are passed over

the several inclined floors for separation, and taken to the separating sieves, after which the several sizes are weighed, bagged and put in kegs. A steamboat can lie at the door of the finishing house for the purpose of transporting the commodity to market. Five thousand weight of shot is the usual quantity made by one set, say six hands, per diem. Twice the quantity can be made by doubling the hands. There is no want of the pigs of lead. Hospitality of Mr. Webb. Stayed all night. Hot. Mosquitoes.

August 17th. Went to Mr. Messersmith's. His improvement and farm. He is from Pennsylvania—Franklin county. Has been here for ten years. Was one of the first settlers, along with Gov. Dodge. His lead and iron mines. Copper. His fine prairie land. Springs. Wood and limestone. The most eligible station for a public house. Military road runs through his land; also road to Milwaukee by way of Madison and Four Lakes.

August 18th. Rode by blue mounds, twelve miles from Messersmith's. Fine farms on the way. Six miles from the mounds, passed several small mounds in direct line. Conjectures concerning them. About half a mile south of the road, opposite blue mounds, is the mound fort—two block houses and pickets. At eight miles further we stopped on a branch of Sugar creek to feed our horses and take some freshments. Fine prairie and timber. Killed a number of moor fowl on the road. Passed mounds resembling entrenchments—one in a line 200 yards long. Four miles from Madison entered timber land. Splendid views of the Fourth and Third lakes. Arrived at Madison. The public square laid out. The State house and public buildings going up; number of dwellings being built. Met several gentlemen here—surveyors, etc.

August 19th. Went in a sailboat on the Fourth lake to visit some Indian mounds. The lake is about six miles long and four broad. My companions dug into the mound. Found some flints and pottery, and finally the skeleton of a very large Indian. The wind was in our teeth coming back, and we had to row for about five miles. The lake is well stocked with perch, bass, catfish, pike, muskelonge and other fish of a very large size. Mrs. Peck's tavern.

August 20th. Left Madison and rode to Messersmith's. Sunday. Stopped at the Blue Mounds at Mr. Brigham's. Extensive view from his house over the prairie for 20 miles and more in all directions. Beautiful country. Grave of Lieut. Force, killed in sight of the fort in 1832. After our return to Messersmith's we made several excursions around the country, and returned to Mineral Point.

Since leaving Mr. Messersmith's we have been to Mineral Point.

Saturday, Aug. 26th. Walked to Bracken's, about six miles south, at the head of the Indian reserves. Saw two fine deer and started a number of prairie fowl on the way. A delightful country of wood and prairie, with extensive diggings for mineral. The most hospitable reception was given by the two brothers, Charles and John Bracken. Their residences are about half a mile apart. They live at home in every sense of the word—abundance and excellence. The only fault I find is that with hundreds of acres of the very best lands in the country, they have been contented to remain miners and smelters.

Sunday, August 27th. I walked around the country—on the branches of the Pekeetolica to some smelting furnaces, and by the Willow Springs. The Pekeetolica near Mr. McKim's is a large stream, navigable for keel boats.

Monday, August 28th. Went to Mineral Point over an extensive prairie, with a view of 25 miles, and beautifully interspersed with timber on its western border. Saw two wolves on our road, which were more frightened than ourselves. A heavy shower of rain coming up, seven of us, together with two saddles, three guns and one dog, found dry shelter under a projecting rock which once served for a year's habitation for two miners in this region. Found the Governor in town, who has returned from Galena, having sent off the deputation of Sioux and part of the Winnebagoes.

August 29th. Gov. Dodge sent in his carriage, and we accompanied Augustus, his son, to Belmont. This place is situated on the prairie at the foot of the Platte mounds. These mounds

are three in number, the distance between the east and west being about two miles, a small mound lying between the two. The east and west mounds are well covered with timber. The center mound is bare, excepting a few large straggling rocks. The lands between the Pekeetolica after leaving Mineral Point and Belmont, are well cultivated. Several fine farms and most beautiful and rich situations. The town of Belmont contains about half a dozen well-built frame houses, built at Pittsburg and sent round in steamboats to Galena, painted white, with red roofs; fronts built up with battlements. This place, since it has lost the chance of being selected as the seat of government, is going down. The Legislature sat here at its first session, last winter. It cannot at present be supported as a town or place of business, as the country is not sufficiently farmed. Mr. Messersmith is here with a carriage going to Galena with the family of Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn. The east and west mounds are about 20 feet high. The center mound is elevated from the general level of the surrounding prairie about 100 feet. It rises from the plain with a gentle ascent about half a mile from its base, until it assumes abruptly its conical form, and rises about 50 feet until its apex is completely a point. Around the second base is a circular race course of a little more than a mile, well laid out. Frequently races are run here. Two days since a race was run for \$1,500 a side. From the top of the mound a person can see a dog run all around the course. The view from this mound, as well as from the flat near the summit of the eastern mound, beggars all description. An ocean of prairie surrounds the spectator, whose vision is not limited to less than 30 or 40 miles. This great sea of verdure is interspersed with delightfully varying undulations, like the vast waves of the ocean, and every here and there, sinking in the hollows or creating the swell, appear spots of wood, large groves, extensive ranges of timber, small groups of trees, as if planted by the hand of art for the purpose of ornamenting this naturally splendid scene. Over the extended view, in all directions, are scattered the incipient farms of the settlers, with their luxuriant crops of wheat and oats, whose yellow sheaves, already cut, form a beautiful

contrast with the waving green of the Indian corn and the smooth, dark surface of the potato crop. Throughout the prairie the most splendid variety of flowers are seen rising above the thickly set grass, which has here and there in large and small patches been mowed for hay, presenting a curious checkered appearance of the table beneath us. The prairie flowers are various in hue, the dark purple masonic or mineral flower, the tall bright purple and red feather, the prairie sunflower, the golden rod, the several small and beautifully variegated flowers interspersed amongst the grass, all render the scene indescribably beautiful. To the north, the Wisconsin hills are seen, bounding the view; to the east, prairie and wood are limited by the horizon, and the blue mounds form a background and a landmark. To the south the view over the rolling country extends far into the State of Illinois, and to the west the view is only bounded by the Dubuque mound and the hills west of the Mississippi, distant about thirty miles, and to the northwest high grounds through which the river breaks its sweeping way close the view. Below us, on the prairie, is the little village of Belmont, with its bright painted dwellings. The brown lines in the general green carpet indicate the roads public and private over the prairie. The grazing cattle are scattered over the broad surface, looking like sheep or dogs, whilst in the distance are seen traveling wagons of emigrants, ox-teams hauling lumber, pleasure and traveling carriages whirling rapidly over the sward, as if the country had been improved for a century past, instead of having been only five years reclaimed from the savages. The picture is not exaggerated. It fails of the original beauty in the attempt to describe that which is worth a journey of a thousand miles to contemplate in a summer day's calm sunset as I have viewed it. In the evening it rained hard.

August 30th. Light showers this morning. The plowing of the prairie is done with a heavily constructed plow with wheels, drawn by eight or ten oxen, seldom by fewer. The share and coulter are kept sharp by filing, so that they have an edge as fine as a knife. There is no danger of stones to break the edge. The furrows are turned from 18 to 20 inches. The off oxen

walk in the furrow, so as to bring the wheel of the plow close to the grass—the other of course rolls over the sod. Thus the furrow is turned over, and lies flat, and not reclining on the preceding one. The whole sod is in this manner turned upside down, and about two acres can be broken by four yoke of oxen; $2\frac{1}{2}$ by five yoke, one boy to drive. The plow needs no guidance, not even setting in when the lands are entered in turning at the heads. The off oxen and the plow wheel guide all. When prairie land is thus broken up in the spring, it may be harrowed the lengthwise of the furrow, and a crop of wheat sown in the fall, or if broken in the fall a crop of oats sown in the next spring and 70 bushels raised to the acre. At all events, the first crop will more than pay all expenses in fencing and breaking up, and after the first crop two light horses will be sufficient for every manner of cultivation. The soil is invariably about one foot and a half or two feet, of black mould, loose, rich and sandy. Sometimes three feet and more of this black mould is found, then yellow, loose, sandy clay, three feet and more, then limestone or sandstone. Limestone is abundant all over the territory. It is remarkable that in the mineral country the ground is rich and productive, whilst the mineral may be found close to the surface. It is true, the country is more broken and is not so rich as the prairie country generally, though some of the diggings are in the very richest prairies. Generally speaking, the mining country is broken, but is adapted to all the purposes of cultivation.

ON THE RETURN HOME

Galena, September 24th. We left Galena in the steamboat Missouri Fulton, passed down Fevre river and entered the Mississippi in the evening. Stopped at Belleview to wood. Rain in the night. At early morning, 25th, found ourselves opposite Parkhurst and Byron at the head of the Rapids. Here is a noble sheet of water, one of the very few places where the whole of the Mississippi is seen unobstructed by islands. The small steamboat Gypsy which left Galena yesterday is lying here at Parkhurst. We passed the wreck of the Emerald in the Rapids. The water is at this time barely passable for a boat of our burthen, drawing three feet of water. The eddies plainly show

the slightly covered rocks. A small patch of rock and sand covered with verdure appears in the distance like a keel or flat-bottomed boat. Our starboard wheelhouse was last night destroyed by a log getting in and tearing up the roof. The navigation of the Rapids is difficult and dangerous. We struck several times on rocks with great violence. At one period the iron stays supporting the chimneys broke and the chimneys were thrown down. We reached Rock Island at breakfast time, and stopped at Stevenson to repair our chimneys. At dinner time we stopped at Bloomington to wood. The Musquitine prairie here is the most extensive on the river. Very beautiful, and very fertile soil. We arrived at Burlington at 7 o'clock. The town has much improved in two months. The Statehouse is nearly finished. Before we came to Burlington we saw a very large flock of swans resting on the river. At 10 o'clock we came to Fort Madison and old Camp Des Moines. Proceeded to Montebello, at the head of the Rapids, and lay by until morning.

September 26th. At daylight began to lighten the boat by unloading pig lead into a keel boat as a lighter. The passengers, about 100 in number, got on the keel boat, which was towed alongside our steamer, and after a very difficult and dangerous passage of about two hours we descended the Des Moines Rapids and at breakfast time landed for a short period at Keokuk. Here are many Indians along the shore looking at the bustle and business of the place. The steamboat Bee is ascending the river. The wreck of the Heroine has been brought to shore, and efforts are being made to save materials. The Gypsy has now also descended the Rapids. A mile below Keokuk, the Pearl, a beautiful light boat, sitting like a graceful bird on the waters, is ascending. We passed Fort Edward, and Warsaw, opposite the mouth of Des Moines river.

September 27th. At daylight we stopped at Alton, and soon afterward passed the mouth of the Missouri. This river is now unusually low. Last night we were in great danger of running into the boat Quincy. Our engine was stopped in time. We rubbed together in passing. The boat St. Peters is now a beautiful object on the widespread waters around us. She is ascending

the river. Have caught the first glimpse of St. Louis in the distance, and at early breakfast time we are at the city. Thirty-one steamboats are lying at the quays; the "busy hum of men" and rattling of drays over the pavement announce the growing importance of this Western city. The great depot for the trade of the upper Mississippi, the vast Missouri and its numerous tributaries, and the middle point between New Orleans, the Atlantic seaboard and the great West—all these circumstances, combined with the energy and enterprise of its citizens, will inevitably render St. Louis in a few years one of the most important cities in our country. We remained here this day. Got our baggage on board the *Susquehanna*, a beautiful and well appointed boat. Two other boats left here this day for Pittsburgh. As soon as they had gone, our captain, notwithstanding his positive assurances, remains until tomorrow, to collect more freight and passengers. This is always the case with the last boat. To pass the evening, we went to the theater, a new and well finished building. Scenery finely painted; acting, with a few exceptions, barely tolerable.

September 28th. Left St. Louis about 9 o'clock. A few miles below, passed an old French settlement, *carondelet*, or in derision emphatically called *vuide poche*. At twelve miles' distance, came in view of Jefferson Barracks, the situation and buildings fine and commodious. In two hours we stopped at *Herculaneum*, opposite to Harrison, to land passengers, distance 32 miles from St. Louis. The land is high, rocky and bold in Missouri; in Illinois, low flat and covered with cottonwood. A large sandbar extends into the river here from the Missouri shore.

September 29th. At midnight we were about 12 miles above the mouth of the Ohio river. We got aground with two severe shocks. One passenger was thrown, by the second shock, through his berth into the one below him, from which the occupant had fortunately been cast by the first shock. At breakfast time we are about twenty miles up the Ohio. Several steamboats are descending. About sundown we passed *Cave-in-the-Rock*, in Illinois—a palisade limestone rock, about 60 feet perpendicular, with a remarkable cave in the face, approachable

only from the water side. At supper time passed the Swiss Boy steamboat aground. She had taken out her lading, which was strewn along the shore. The passengers had landed. Some musicians in our boat played the air of "The Swiss Boy" on their bugles and flutes to arouse the slumbering boat. As a companion to her distress, a descending cattle boat was high and dry on a sandbar. The boatmen were gaily playing on the fife, and their lately washed clothing was hung out to dry on their now useless oars. At night we passed a large Orleans steamer aground.

September 30th. At daybreak we are at Evansville, Indiana. Last night we were for some time fast on the sandbar at the mouth of the Wabash, and in the night we passed several boats aground. After having rubbed, scraped and bumped on rocks and bars several times during the day's voyage, we are at 10 o'clock at night at Flint Island bar, which now may be called steamboat village. Three of the largest class of boats are here aground in a line. The whole being lighted up and crowded with passengers, there is something like a village in the midst of the broad Ohio. We struck on the bar in the rear of the grounded range of boats, and, as it was impossible to pass them in the night in safety, we soon backed out and moored our boat two miles below them.

Sunday, October 1st. At breakfast time the fog is still heavy. Our pilot has been out since daylight, sounding the river. He has found a channel. We are endeavoring to pass up. Another boat is coming up behind us. We are feeling our way by the lead, with caution, but we strike, and here we are—the *Sultana*, *Black Hawk*, *Shelby*, *Warsaw* and *Susquehanna*, all at a stand. When shall we move? Boats are out sounding the channel, and five or six hundred human beings are within speaking distance, in well appointed and splendid wooden palaces, but not now floating. After some hours' hard labor, with extreme caution and ability, our Captain, John Wylie, has succeeded in warping his boat over the shoal, and we have passed the grounded fleet. Our passengers gave a shout of three hearty

cheers as we passed our companions in distress, no doubt to their sorrow at not being able to join with us in our exultation. We met several boats descending.

October 2nd. At daylight we are at Shippingport, the entrance of the canal at the Ohio Falls, after having been aground with several other boats for some time on the Portland Bar. At breakfast time we arrived at Louisville. Left it at 12 o'clock, and in the evening we remained for two hours again aground.

October 3rd. At daybreak, we are opposite to North Bend.

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRESPONDENCE

War Department.
Office of Indian Affairs.
May 13, 1837.

Gentlemen :

Having accepted the commissions offered to you by the President of the United States, to hold a treaty with the Chipewa Indians of the Mississippi, it becomes my duty to communicate to you the particular objects of the government, and its views as to the mode in which they will be accomplished.

The tract which it is considered desirable to procure from these Indians is that part of their country which lies east of the Mississippi river and south of the forty-sixth meridian of longitude. It is understood that this tract is valuable for the pine woods which cover it, but is unfit for cultivation. Its acquisition by the United States will be beneficial to both parties. To the United States by opening to its citizens an extensive woodland, important especially from the rapidity with which settlements are multiplying; to the Indians, by giving them an ample consideration in money, provisions, agricultural and mechanical establishments, and other means of improvement. If the Indians retain this land, experience has shown that they will part with the most valuable of the timber to individuals, for at best very inadequate remuneration.

You must judge, on a full consideration of all the circumstances, what amount should be paid for the tract designated. There is no treaty, I believe, which will be useful to you as a precedent in forming a conclusion on this point. In the stipulations respecting the manner in which it shall be paid to them, you will endeavor to secure to them the greatest permanent benefit. As large a provision as they will consent to should be made for schools, farms, smiths' shops, mills, teachers, farmers, smiths and millers, agricultural implements, stock, provisions, tobacco, salt, etc., and the necessary accommodations of the persons employed in the capacities here indicated. As large a portion of the consideration as they can be induced to sanction should be invested in public stocks, the interest to be paid to

them annually. A limited annuity, of as small an amount as in your judgment may be advisable, may be provided for. But, if practicable, you will prevail upon them to agree to receive their annuity and the interest on the stocks in goods instead of money, to be delivered at certain points in their own country, at the expense of the United States. No mill privileges now claimed or exercised will be recognized, nor will any new ones be granted. No stipulations will be made for reservations to individuals. If the Indians are particularly solicitous about it, but not otherwise, you may admit an article providing for the payment of debts and in favor of the half-breeds among them, with the restrictions placed by the Senate on the similar provisions for the Menomonees in the ratification of the treaty of September 3, 1836.

During the pendency of this negotiation you are requested to avail yourselves of all suitable opportunities to impress the Chippewas with the absolute necessity of refraining from aggressions on the Sioux or on our citizens. You may say to them that the Sioux chiefs who are coming to see the President will be charged by him to remain at peace, and that their Great Father will take strong measures to punish both them and the Sioux if they continue their hostilities with each other.

You will also please to ascertain informally in what manner they would receive a proposition to admit among them the Ottawas and Chippewas in Michigan, who have manifested a reluctance to go west of the Mississippi, agreeably to the provisions of the late treaty.

The preparatory arrangements for the treaty, convening the Indians, procuring provisions, employing commissaries and other persons necessary, will be made under the direction of Governor Dodge, who will be near the scene of operations. The appropriation applicable to this object is \$5,000, and the expenditures must in no event exceed it. The amount will be remitted to Governor Dodge, but for its disbursement you will both be held accountable. Your accounts, with the usual vouchers, abstracts of purchases and issues of provisions, certified by both, will be transmitted to this office.

Verplanck Van Antwerp, Esqr., of Indiana, has accepted the

appointment of secretary to the commission, and will report himself to Governor Dodge, to learn when and where his services will be required, and will carry into effect the instructions you may give him.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. A. Harris, Com'r.

His Excell'y

Henry Dodge, and

Gen'l Wm. R. Smith,

Comm'rs, etc.

The following letter has no date :

Unofficial

Dear Sir :

I return herewith Gen. Smith's letter.

Upon reference to his letter of appointment, dated Mar. 25, he will perceive that he is requested to correspond with his colleague, Gov. Dodge, and with him arrange the time and place of meeting. Gov. Dodge was requested to do the same. It is impracticable to arrange such matters here with any convenience to the parties. Gov. Dodge has not yet accepted the appointment, but as he this morning acknowledged the receipt of letters of only three days' prior date to that of his appt. I presume we may expect to hear from him on this subject in a few days. As soon as we do, the instructions will be forwarded to both him and Gen. Smith. But even then the time and place of meeting must be settled between themselves.

If Gen. S. has neither written to or heard from Gov. Dodge, I think he would do well to address him immediately. His present address is Mineral Point, Wisconsin. But that gentleman will doubtless give Gen. S. his views at an early day. Should he accept the appointment, I presume the same mail which brings a notice of his acceptance will bring Gen. S. a letter. Should he decline to accept, some other person will have to be selected, and this will cause delay.

Mr. Kurtz was in error when he wrote to Gen. S. that his instructions would be forwarded as soon as I returned. It is ob-

vious that instructions cannot be given till the commission is full.

Very respectfully yours,

C. A. Harris.

Hon. Geo. Wolf,
Comptroller Treas'y.

Dear Sir:

Since my note of this morning Gov. Dodge's acceptance has been received by the Secretary of War. He remarks that he will correspond with Gen. Smith.

Yours,

C. A. Harris.

Gov. Wolf.

May 11th, 1837.

Dear Sir:

Since writing my note of this date I have received the above from Mr. Harris, which I take pleasure in forwarding also.

Yours,

Geo. Wolf.

General Smith.

May 11th.

Superscription:

Gen'l William R. Smith,
U. S. Commissioner
For treaty with the Chippewa Indians,
Bedford, Pennsylvania.

Text of the letter:

Wisconsin Territory.
Mineral Point.

June 30, 1837.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letters under date of the 31st of March and 18th ult. Your first letter came to hand on the 22d of April. In that communication you stated you would probably leave Bedford, Pennsylvania, the last week in April, unless previous to that time you received a letter from me informing you of the specific time and place of

our meeting to hold the treaty with the Chippewa Indians. Knowing a letter could not be received by you at your residence before you would probably leave home, I deferred writing, believing you would arrive here early in May. Until the receipt on this date of our joint instructions dated on the 13th ult. from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington I was unacquainted with the views of the Government in relation to the contemplated treaty. As the preparatory measures in convening the Chippewas and furnishing them with the necessary supplies during our negotiations with them devolve on me, I will as early as possible send expresses to the different bands of Chippewas on the upper Mississippi, as well to those who reside on the Chippewa and St. Croix rivers, as well to Lapoint, on Lake Superior. I will direct them to assemble at Fort Snelling on the twentieth of July to hold the contemplated treaty. That is I think as early a period as these Indians can be convened, as they are scattered over a large extent of country, and it is desirable that as many of them should be present at the treaty as can be collected, to satisfy the nation that no advantage has been taken of them.

On your arrival at Galena, Illinois, if you will have the goodness to address me at this place, I will meet you at Galena, and we can then determine the best way of reaching our point of destination. I will endeavor in the meantime to make the best arrangements for our mutual accommodation. I would be much gratified to meet you, and hope we will be able to carry into effect our negotiations with the Chippewa Indians. Be assured it will afford me great pleasure to facilitate your views as far as it may be in my power to do so.

I have the Honor to be with the
greatest Respect, your Ob. Svt.,
Henry Dodge.

Gen'l William R. Smith,
U. S. Com'r to treat with
the Chippewa Indians.

Private Letter—Gen. Smith to his wife:

Mineral Point,
Wisconsin Territory.
September 6, 1837.

My dearest Mary:

My long silence must be atoned for when I see you, as the excuses which I would make require more explanation than a letter can give. My journey up the Missis-ippi from St. Louis to Prairie du Chien (600 miles) was delightful. At the Prairie I understood from the officers at the Fort that the treaty was concluded very unexpectedly, and that the Governor was descending the river—in fact, he arrived in the evening of the day I got there.

After staying three days at Fort Crawford with Governor Dodge, to arrange the business, we left the Prairie together, and rode in an open wagon to this place, about 70 miles, through the most lovely country that the sun ever shone upon. Imagine to yourself a fine summer day, and that you are seated in a pleasure carriage—for the total absence of hills, stones, ruts, stumps and mud rendered a common wagon a pleasure carriage,—and that you are driving at the rate of six miles an hour over a beautiful level green, or lawn, interspersed with groups of trees, scattered in the most tasteful variety, as if planted by the hand of art to gratify the most luxuriant imagination. Then imagine that the horizon only bounds your view, and no fence, no obstruction whatever, impedes your progress. Even if you come into the strips of wood, you drive through as if in an orchard of fruit trees. Look around, and the whole prairie is covered with yellow, purple and blue and brown flowers, rising above the waving grass, as if a garden had been planted expressly for your gratification. Then the deer, the grouse or moorfowl are constantly flitting across the landscape.

Conceive then that at intervals you can discover the commencement of the settlers' farms, with their little cottages, scattered over the vast sea of verdure, and you have a very faint idea of Wisconsin. I cannot describe the country to you in terms which will do it justice. Then the fruits—Gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, black currants, plums, cranberries, crabapples, cherries—in fine, all the fruits of the East, except

orchards of peaches, apples and pears, which come from cultivation. Strawberries cover the whole soil of the prairie. Low hazelnut bushes loaded with fruit fill the woods, and the rider or walker passes through them without any impediment. The lands produce twice as much as in Pennsylvania. They require no clearing, and are most delightfully watered by springs of the purest water, and can be obtained from the government for one dollar and a quarter per acre! Earthly Paradise!

With such advantages, and a ready market for everything that can be raised, it is no wonder that I have found very many acquaintances from Pennsylvania in the territory. Your old acquaintance, Cyrus S. Jacobs, and his family, are here; and many from Lancaster county—W. Clark Frazer, Dr. Beatty, and others; many from Huntington county—William Simpson's daughter, Mrs. Bracken;—some from Bedford, some from Pittsburgh, etc., etc. William and myself have visited at Bracken's farm, and were greatly pleased with his family and that of his brother, who lives adjoining him.

I have been traveling very much through the country—on horseback generally, on foot sometimes—and have taken a long journey to the City of the Four Lakes in a carriage. We have been very politely and hospitably treated by all, particularly by the Governor and the numerous members of his family—sons and daughters, married and unmarried. His carriage and horses have been at our service whenever we required them. He lives about four miles from this place, near Dodgeville.

I have been so much delighted with all that I have seen and all that I have learned with regard to the soil and productions of the country that I have come to the conclusion that a more desirable location can not be obtained than in this part of the world, when present comfort and ultimate wealth are in consideration. I am not sanguine with regard to any matters, but in the two weeks that I have been here, and in the views I have taken of this part of the new country, aided by the excellent information of Governor Dodge and many friends, I have made the determination of purchasing a most beautiful situation, already improved, near the Three Mounds, called Belmont. Of this more

will be said when I return. The farm is bought, and I call it Home.

Now, my dearest Mary, I feel as if I were conversing with you; but I have had only one letter from you since I left home. However, I expect one when I reach Galena, which will be in a few days, as we will leave this territory about the 10th of September. Of course you may expect me about the first week in October. The Governor, William and I travel together. Governor Dodge and myself proceed to Washington to conclude our business. About fifty Indians—Sioux, Foxes, and Winnebagoes—will be before us on the route to Washington. Major Taliaferro conducts the Sioux. They pass through Bedford—twenty-five chiefs.

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